McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FRED PURTLE KILLED BY CARS IN CHICAGO.

Met Death Instantly Early Last Friday Morning.

REMAINS REACHED HERE MONDAY.

While Getting Out of the Way of One Train He Stepped in Front of Another.—Funeral held Tuesday Morning.

A telegram was received here shortly before noon last Friday stating that a young man supposed to be Fred Purtle had been killed by the cars in Chicago early that morning, and asking what should be done with the body. The message stated that a Union Musicians' card and other papers had been found on his person which made his identity almost certain. T. H. Purtle, father of the unfortunate young man, immediately wired instructions for having the body properly prepared and shipped here, which arrived here Monday morning.

Details of how the accident happened are very meagre, the only information so far received here being an Associated Press dispatch which stated that he was instantly killed by a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern freight train at the Commercial avenue crossing early Friday morning and that he was run down by the freight train while endeavoring to avoid being struck by a train going in the opposite direction.

Four weeks ago Fred Purtle left here for a visit with his cousin in Milwaukee and on Tuesday his mother received a letter stating that he would leave in a few days for home and that he intended stopping in Chicago to have some repairs made on his trombone by the manufacturers in that city. The next word received was the message stating that he had been killed.

Fred Purtle is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Purtle and was born in Smethport on November 18, 1885, being at the time of his death in his 23rd year. He received a fairly good high school education and in the meantime took up band music, being a member of the Smethport Band and High School Orchesers when quite a young boy. He liked the profession and for the past three years has spent most of the time on the road with circus and show bands. In following this vocation he has seen a great deal of the United States and has had many experiences for a man of his age.

He possessed a big heart and a genial disposition which made him many friends at home and in his travels. He was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, joining the organization at Carroll, Iowa, while on the road, a member of the Smethport Hose Company, a member of the Improved Order of Red Men of this place, and also a member of the American Federation of Musicians, No. 412, Port Allegany.

He is survived by his father and mother, one brother, Frank, and one sister by adoption, Miss Marie, who deeply mourn the loss of a kind, obedient and affectionate son and brother.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock, high mass being said by Rev. J. F. Dugan, and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery. The last sad rites were largely attended by many friends and relatives of this young man. His brother members of Smethport Hose Co. and the I. O. R. M. turned out in a body. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, showing many strong friendships he had made.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were: William E. Purtle and Misses Mary and Ella Purtle of Binghamton, N. Y., Mrs. Fred Andrews, Mrs. Logue, Peter McNally and John O'Reilly of Pittsburg, George O'Neil and son of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hungiville, Miss Bessie Hungiville and Bernard Hungiville of Rixford, Mrs. Eugene Mullin, Miss Riley and T. F. Mullin of Bradford, thirteen members of Port Allegany Musical Union in uniform and a number of friends from Olean.

Resolutions.

Since it has pleased an All-wise Providence to take unto Himself our brother Frederick Purtle, we, the Independent Order of Red Men, hereby express profound regret for the sad and untimely loss of our young brother and extend to his bereaved family and friends our most sincere sympathy.

L. K. Hogarth,
W. A. Ostrander,
T. H. Clark,
A. H. Pierce, Jr.,
Committee.

Twenty-Seventh Year.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will open its 27th year the first of September. A good school with a good record.

Death of Philip Bacon.

Philip Bacon, a former well-known resident of this borough, died at the Allegany House, Port Allegany, last Monday, after a short illness of typhoid fever. He was aged 43 years and about 11 months.

The deceased was the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Bacon, both deceased, and was born at the old homestead on Prospect hill August 14, 1865. He spent his boyhood days on the farm of his parents and received a common school education. For a number of years he assisted his brother, Daniel Bacon, in the management of the Hotel Imperial in this place and for several years past he had devoted his time to lumbering in Potter county, leaving there and coming to Port Allegany for treatment when he was stricken with his last illness.

Phil. Bacon, as he was familiarly called by his hosts of friends, was a manly man. He was the possessor of a kind heart, a genial disposition and that pleasing manner which won him friends among all he met. He was a lifelong member of the Roman Catholic church and was always interested in the work.

He is survived by one sister, Miss Mary Bacon, and one brother, Daniel Bacon of DuBois, Pa., who deeply mourn his demise.

The funeral services were held at St. Gabriel's church, Port Allegany, Rev. Father Becker officiating and the remains were brought to Smethport on Wednesday for interment in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

A Few Words About Paving.

Yesterday the writer had a short interview with Mr. Gipp, the paving contractor, and he assured us that on Monday or Tuesday next he expected to break ground for the paving and that the start would be made with proper ceremonies. He said that he wanted to get all the material possible on the ground before tearing up the street, therefore this delay.

The committee appointed to solicit the signatures of abutting property owners to pay the additional cost of widening the pavement in the business section 31 to 40 feet report considerable progress. However there are several yet who have not signed up, but it seems to us that all will enter into this agreement as soon as they understand the situation.

In the first place the cost to the property owners will not exceed seventy cents per running foot of their frontage and this would do away with the cost of extending their walks or terraces to the new curb line, which in some cases at least would exceed the cost of the extra paving. Secondly, it would give us a much more business-like and beautiful street. And, lastly, after the paving is once done the borough will keep it in repair, instead of the property owner.

Child Accidentally Shot.

Miss Ruth, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jacobs, who reside on Marvin street, this borough, was the victim of an accidental shooting accident last Saturday morning which terminated very fortunately for the little girl.

John Dickenson, who had been out hunting with a 32-calibre repeating rifle, came into the house and commenced unloading the gun. The little girl was near him picking up the cartridges as they fell to the floor. In some unknown manner the gun was accidentally discharged, the bullet taking effect in Ruth's left foot.

The child was hurried to Dr. Chadwick's office where the wound was dressed and the little sufferer made as comfortable as possible. The bullet had entered at the top of the instep and ploughed a furrow down through the flesh to the rear of the little toe, but no bones were broken and no permanent injury is looked for. Had the bullet gone a little deeper she would probably have lost the use of the foot for life.

The Glass Industry.

The Pittsburg Dispatch of July 19 says: Owing to a shortage of window glass, calls were sent out yesterday for a general meeting of manufacturers to be held July 31, when another advance of 10 per cent. will be decided upon, making an increase of nearly 30 per cent. in the price of window glass within a few weeks.

For the first time in many years the American Window Glass company is operating during the summer season, and arrangements are being made to operate additional pots to meet the demand. The situation is causing uneasiness among window glass jobbers and it is stated officially that their stocks at present are much lower than for a number of years.

It is customary for manufacturers and jobbers to have not less than 2,000,000 boxes of window glass on hand at this time of the year.

It was stated officially yesterday that there are less than 700,000 boxes of window glass on the market at present, and to meet the demand, even at the advanced prices, it will be necessary to resume operations immediately at many plants.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

PLAY FAIR

LITTLE differences of opinion should not be allowed to shut off profitable business relations. A manufacturer changed printers merely to satisfy his dignity in a little dispute over a dollar's worth of paper. The new printer was not equipped to do the work as well as the old one, who had done it for years. After much loss of time and money and the loss of many customers because of a belated catalogue, the manufacturer found it to his advantage to smother his pride and return meekly to his first printer.

It is childish to divert business from long established and otherwise satisfactory channels just to satisfy a whim. It reminds one of the little girl who refused to play with the others because they wouldn't let her win every game.

Business is a game. Play the game fairly according to the rules. Don't pout if your playmate scores one over you occasionally—that's part of the pleasure of the game. Do your best to win, of course, but remember that if you want nice people to play with, you will have to be nice to them.

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OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

The following letter from S. O. Tenny Esq., was received Monday June 11, 1864, Co's E, and H, from this county were engaged and suffered considerably during the engagements at Cold Harbor. Two of Co H, were killed, and it is with pain that we are called upon to record the death of Henry Hagadon from Lafayette township. He was a noble youth and the idol of his parents, who will long mourn his loss. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community. If we mistake not, McGuire was a resident of Luzerne county.

L. Rogers—Editor McKean Miner:—I send you herewith a list of the casualties of the 58th Penna. Vols. that have occurred in the last four days. Only six of the companies were engaged, the other four having been left behind at White House; killed.—Co. B. Sergt. L. D. Potter, Pri. F. C. Bennett, Chas. Miller, H. Shannaman, Jas. Doran, Theodore Taylor, Co. G. Capt. E. J. Carter, Pri. John Elrick, Co. H. Pri. Henry Hagadom, William McGuire and John Coonrad.

Wounded—Co. B. Pri. M. White, Chas. Harris, F. G. Robertson, John J. Saxer, Cyrus Snover, Wm. Kenney, Sergt. A. Z. Rogers; Co. D. Sergt. Wm. Hawkins; Pri. A. M. Farland, E. Vincent, S. W. Hawkins, Geo. Clark, A. Barton, A. Godfry, John Raley, R. Benjamin; J. Tibbetts, Geo. W. Hall, Geo. W. Smith, John Frazier; Corp. C. Cole; Pri. John Albert, John Gallagher; Co. G. Pri. C. Dickerson, J. B. Carr, A. Lyons, M. Kelly, Jas. Bennett, Joseph Briggs; Lt. O. V. Cotter; Co. D. Pri. Jos. Crowley, O. M. Lawton, F. Loot, C. J. Moses, Milton Griffin, Jas. Baldwin; Corp. C. Baldwin; Co. I. 1st sergt. W. H. Cook; 2nd sergt. J. G. Snyder; E. Pri. Jos. Gregory, Wm. Gallagher, K. Daniel Diele, John Barton, John Reed and Peter Burdick.

The most of the above are wounded severely. Many more are missing, but it is impossible to learn the names at present. The 40th Mass. Vol's has only 63 men and officers left, out of over 600. Three Lieut. Col's of the Brigade were killed in the first charge. The loss among the officers is very severe. Yours respectfully,

Samuel O. Tenney.

From a letter received by us from A. T. Aldrich, Esq., who is now in Washington, we learn that sergt. S. S. King, of Co. I. of the Bucktails, is at Mount Pleasant hospital, ward 10 in that city. His right leg has been amputated between the knee and ankle. And he also received a severe but not dangerous wound in the right arm. He is very low but the surgeon in attendance upon him, assures Mr. Aldrich that his condition is a hopeful one and that he will, in all probability recover.

We learn that Geo. Beckwith, son of Ranson Beckwith, Jr., of Keating township, was severely wounded in a recent engagement before Petersburg. He is a member of the 58th Regt. And had reenlisted. We hope he will soon be able to visit his friends.

A letters from Frank Pierce.—A few days since we received a letter from the genius whose name appears above, an adopted namesake of the ex-President. It is a little to lengthy for publication, but we would be glad to make room for it. He writes from "one mile to Petersburg, June 30th, 1864." He says he has "not cut any brick," but thinks a man who has gone through what he has without being killed or wounded is a brick of himself. He says Grant could take Petersburg if he wanted to, but that is not what he is after, he wants the army that is there. He calls Grant a gopher, who "has his men digging at every stopping place." He says, "you know a woodchuck will dig into the ground in one place and come out at another, and I soon expect to see a higher smoke rise than is spoken of as rising from the future residence of sinners." "There is a great deal going on here that you in the North knew nothing of. I belongs to the 2nd mounted Rifles of New York, and the only Pennsylvanian in the regiment besides himself is H. E. Stanley formerly a resident of Smethport. He has recently married B. F. Wright of the Bucktails, of whom he gives a flattering notice. He says the men belonging to Lieut. Wright's company say "no man in the regiment will go any further into a fight or is any braver than their Lieut." Pierce closes his letter by saying, "I hope we may on the 4th of next March, after having given the rebels a blow from which they can never recover, fall back into the bosom of Father Abraham, as did Lazarous of old."

Wednesday July 27, 1864, is the day fixed for welcoming home the brave boys of the 58th Regt. They will be met by their numerous friends on the old camp ground in the valley, and every one of them as well as the return soldiers of the other regiments are earnestly requested to be there. We hope there will be a general attendance of the citizens, and that the reception will be one which will gladden the hearts of our soldiers and will convince them that they have friends at home. A member of the committee of arrangements requests us to state, that a procession will be formed at the corner, near the residence of Daniel Grossmire, Esq., precisely at 10 o'clock, and will march directly to the grove from that place.

We have been permitted the perusal of a private letter from Lieut. B. F Wright of the old Bucktail Regiment, dated at Petersburg, July 11, 1864. In speaking of the rebel rade he says: I am not worried at what the rebels are doing, but I am provoked to see the old soldiers so slow about coming forward at such a time. There are discharged soldiers enough at home to whip the whole rebel force. But they are not going to get Grant away from here. We are on duty night and day, and officers and men are most worn out.

Pennsylvania Upholds Guffey.

A Pittsburg dispatch dated yesterday says: The Pennsylvania supporters of William J. Bryan received a fearful beating at Harrisburg to-day when the State Democratic committee met and elected officers for the year 1909.

Col. J. M. Guffey, who was ousted by the Democratic National convention from his seat in the National Democratic committee, was retained as leader of the Pennsylvania State Democracy. The State committee in ringing resolutions decried the arbitrary action of the Denver convention and voted Col. Guffey as the legal and real National committeeman from Pennsylvania, in spite of the presence of James Kerr, the Bryan elected delegate, who was on the floor of the hall under orders from Bryan, seeking recognition for himself and for the State Bryan league of Pennsylvania. He was howled down.

The Forty-Seventh Commencement just closed marks the most successful year in the history of the Edinboro Normal School. Fall term opens September 8th, 1908. Catalogue free.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

LIMBERGERS EASILY BEAT GELLY FINGERS

Lee Out-Generals Gillette in Picking Ball Tossers.

THE SCORE WAS TEN TO THREE.

The Bunch Went Six Innings Into a Rain Storm—Everybody Enjoyed the Sport and the Civic Club Enjoyed the Profits.

The great burlesque baseball game was pulled off according to prearranged plans at Kane field Friday afternoon and was a great success in every way. The Civic Society is a winner by about $35, and everybody, including those who got wet, had a delightful time.

The automobile parade previous to the struggle was one of the features of the day. The parade was led by the Chief Master of Ceremonies Sheridan Gorton in Ned Newman's car which was followed by about ten autos carrying players and fans. Billy Jones with his ambulance containing physicians, surgeons, Red Cross nurses and assistants and his bell-bedecked blacks kept pace with the autos which were going some.

The weather was threatening but that did not prevent a large crowd being in attendance at 4 o'clock, when Chief Master of Ceremonies Sheridan Gorton announced that the gladiators were ready for the fray. The old ex-leaguer "Halda" Tull took his place behind the pitcher as referee and announced that all were ready, the Limbergers being at their proper stations. He then unwrapped three beautiful spheres (usually sold at two bits each) which Manager Lee of the Limbergers had bought at the bargain price of $1.25 per, on the ground that the proceeds of this game was for sweet charity. A short debate followed on this subject, everybody concerned taking part in the oratory, and it was finally decided to use them, inasmuch as both teams were picked for their heavy slugging ability, and it is an impossibility to drive one of those cheap balls half as far as the regulation spheres. This proved a fortunate decision as was satisfactorily demonstrated when the sloggers got down to business.

Rube, the giant twirler was on the slab for the Limbergers and Prince Redfield was the first to face him, receiving a pass for past favors. Three more Gelly Fingers faced the giant in that inning. The Little Joker fooled the first three Limbergers up in the last half.

In the first of the second inning some of the Limbergers had a slight attack of diamond fright and Gelly Fingers carried away two tallies before they settled down to business, and the Joker still fooled his antagonists.

The third inning was uneventful in the run getting line but G. McCoy created considerable commotion when he was overcome by the strong breeze and fell in right field. There was a free for all race between the surgeons, physicians, nurses and ambulance to be first aid to the injured. He was taken off the field behind Billy's blacks, and had sufficiently recovered in the evening to sit up and take nourishment at the banquet.

In the fourth inning Gil's Gelly Fingers got another tally while the Limbergers still laid dormont.

In the fifth, however, things were different. After the Gelly Fingers had been retired the Limbergers commenced to warm up and showed their real strength and when the inning finally came to an end Maj. Gen. Lee was turning back flip-flops over his specks because his team had seven large tallies to their credit.

Three Gellies went out in order before the Limbergers in the sixth and Lee's Lims landed three more across the plate before they decided to rest.

Gil's Gellies got another run in the first of the seventh but rain drove the tired toilers to cover before Lee's Lims could get theirs and thus the mighty Gellies were defeated by the crushing score of 10 to 3.

The report of the Superintendent of Vital Statistics follows:

Limbergers	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Studholme, ss	4	1	0	2	0	0
Morrison, c	4	1	1	4	0	0
Backus, 1b	4	1	0	7	0	1
Hammer, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	0
G. McCoy, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Anderfer, 3b	3	1	0	2	2	0
Corwin, mf	3	2	0	0	0	0
Brasted, lf	3	2	0	0	0	0
Rubin, p	3	2	2	3	5	2
Totals	35	10	4	18	8	3

Gelly Fingers	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
S. F. Redfield, 1b	3	0	0	7	2	0
Choate, ss	3	0	0	1	2	2
P. D. Hamlin, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	1
Newman, 2b	3	0	0	2	2	1
Lyle, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Cline, McCoy, c	1	1	0	6	1	0
Benton, rf	1	1	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, mf	2	1	0	1	0	1
E. H. Redfield, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	23	3	2	18	8	5

Two base hits—Newman.
Stolen bases—Hammer, Corwin; Newman, Lyle, Cline, McCoy.
Double plays—Rubin to Backus; Choate, unassisted.
Bases on balls—off Rubin 5; off Redfield 4.
Hit by pitcher—Brasted.
Struck out—by Rubin 8; by Redfield 1.
Umpire—Tull.

COMMITTEE GIVE THANKS.

The Civic Committee, in this public way, thank the young men of the teams for their untiring energy and zeal in planning and carrying out the details of this benefit, and especially for the kindly thought and appreciation that was its inception. Roger William said: "The atmosphere of the Republic is the air of the mountain top, and the sunlight and the open fields; her emblem is the eagle and not the bat."

The Civic Committee contend for pure air, clear sunlight, clean streets and well-kept alleys; the abolition of open sewerage and obstructed sidewalks and a borough penalty for expectoration upon our streets. They strive to emulate the eagle and not the bat.

The Civic Committee wish also to convey their appreciation of the kindness conferred by Mr. Herman Sasse in the loan of his chairs, from the sale of which nearly five dollars was realized. To the merchants who closed their places of business, to Mr. Jones, who gave his services and the ambulance for the afternoon, and to all who in any way aided in making the game a success and especially to Mr. Lee and Colonel Gillette do they bow in acknowledgment of favors many and varied.

Let the Civic Committee take heart and surmounting the obstacles in their path, remember "not to be weary in well doing, for in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

Civic Committee.

Killed Near Duke Center.

A dispatch from Duke Center to the Bradford Era, Monday night, says: A shocking fatality occurred this evening at Tram Hollow, near here, on the farm of J. D. Jones. B. F. Sisley was the victim. He was driving a team and hauling hay from a field to the barn. A whiffletree broke and one of the horses being thereby suddenly relieved of its part of the load, plunged forward. Sisley held the reins and not expecting such an accident, was easily thrown off his balance and pulled to the ground from the load of hay on the wagon. He struck on his head and when he was reached by his companions, was unconscious. A physician was quickly summoned but nothing could be done for the man. He was fatally injured and his death occurred within 20 minutes after his fall. His neck was broken, it is believed.

The deceased formerly lived in Bradford and his burial will be in the Sisley family plot at Oak Hill cemetery. He was an old soldier, aged 68 years and leaves a widow and two daughters, Miss Lucretia Sisley, at home; Mrs. C. M. McFarland of East Liverpool, O.; one son, Theodore K. Sisley of Wellsville, O.; a brother, J. O. Sisley of Greenville, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Walmer of Pittsburg. Deceased belonged to the K. O. T. M. and was a man of most estimable qualities.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 18, 1908:

Mark Adams, Chas. Baker, Mrs. Clara Gray, Albert Larson, Mrs. Higgins, Fred Weitzel.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Notice to Water Consumers.

As there seems to be a leak in the bottom of the reservoir which cannot be repaired until we have rain, all water consumers are requested to be careful about wasting water, as it is so low at the present time that no water is running over the dam. With proper care on the part of consumers there is no danger of a scarcity of water. Therefore this warning.

Smethport Water Co.

Representative Wanted.

We want a representative to handle Ford automobiles in Smethport and vicinity. Live hustler can easily clear $2000 in season. Write with references at once.

Ford Motor Company,
Dept. H
Detroit, Michigan.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give to your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Excelsor Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 552, Cuba, N. Y.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

James Quirk.

Lost—A K. of C. watch fob charm. Finder will please leave at Hogarth's drug store.

A Trick With Dollars.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1903, by Howard Fielding.

BAILEY HARROW was a specialist. His employer, John Farnsworth, had accounts in half a dozen banks and notes falling due in twenty others. Like the leaves in Vallombrosa fell John Farnsworth's notes and were caught at the last possible second or even later by the whirlwind of finance which kept them from touching the ground. Bailey Harrow rode upon the whirlwind and delighted to guide it in the interests of John Farnsworth.

Bailey may have been about twenty-seven, and he looked like an active little old man, his face deeply lined by wary thinking.

On a certain forenoon Bailey came into Farnsworth's private room.

"Everything's quiet at the Corn," said Bailey, laying a bank book on the desk.

"The Corn" was the abbreviation for the name of a national bank.

The telephone bell rang, and Farnsworth rose hastily from his chair and

"WELL," SAID HE AT LAST, "HERE'S THE JOKER."

made a gesture toward the instrument which was on the leaf of his desk. Bailey put down and, after exchanging the customary salutation, delivered the transmitter with his hand.

"It's Hartzell," said he in a low voice. "Are you here?"

"I'll bet I am," responded Farnsworth and changed places with Bailey.

"Hello, Hartzell! How about it?"

He listened for some seconds, and his face revealed that the communication was important and surprising.

"You sent the check? When? Monday? You must be dreaming. For how much? The full amount? Great Peter! Well, it hasn't shown up. If you really mailed it, it's lost. Stop it at your bank, and for the love of Moses send me another right away. Send it by a boy. Hold on a minute. I'll have Bailey go right down to your place."

Farnsworth hung up the receiver and turned to Bailey.

"You know Hartzell," said he. "He's a slippery proposition, but he can't fool you. He says he sent the a check for $4,700 Monday, and here it is Friday! If this is a fairy story, what's it about? I don't see through it. He can't get out of paying the money. You know what it's for. It's my share of that takeoff on the Gorham transaction."

"Never heard of it," said Bailey.

"Well, you hear of it now," responded Farnsworth, "and I need the money. You come back with his check, certified. Understand?"

"Sure!" said Bailey and departed.

Farnsworth opened the door of an adjoining room and called to his stenographer, a pretty girl, blue eyed and fair haired, with the look of a thoroughbred, altogether a very superior creature. As for Farnsworth, he was a crude product to begin with, and his individual life had not improved the stuff of which he was made. The contrast affected him unpleasantly in Miss Clarendon's presence.

"Well, Gertie," said he, "did you hear from Bob this morning?"

She made a scarcely perceptible gesture of negation.

"I hope you never will," said Farnsworth. "That boy is strictly no good."

Miss Clarendon made no reply.

The young man referred to as Bob was Farnsworth's nephew and no favorite of his. Bob had been in the west and had not succeeded there. Eventually he had drifted back to Boston and had been employed for some months by Farnsworth, when they had parted, with no good will.

Undoubtedly an element of Farnsworth's dislike of his nephew was the young man's obvious interest in Miss Clarendon—yet this dislike rested upon other grounds, as Bob had been plainly informed.

"If you were the right sort," Farnsworth had said to him, "I wouldn't stand in your way. I'd help you and be mighty glad to have Gertie in the family. But you're not good enough. You're a loafer. You're too nice to work, and I've got no use for you."

"I'm too nice to do the kind of work that's done in this office," Bob had replied, and the remark slew what was left of amity between them.

Farnsworth knew that his nephew had gone to Pittsfield, and that was all.

Dictation was in progress when there came a quick, light rap at the door, and Bailey Harrow entered, his visage puckered with perplexity as Farns worth had never before seen it.

"Hartzell's outside," he said. "He's got that check. It's been through the bank."

"You mean to say it was cashed?"

"Yes, sir, it was," said Bailey. "It was cashed at the Corn and was settled through the clearing house by Hartzell's bank."

"How was it drawn—to my order?"

"Yes, sir, and it's got your name on the back of it."

"Forgery!"

"Sure," said Bailey.

Farnsworth paced a turn or two and then addressed Bailey.

"Go out and hold Hartzell a couple of minutes before you let him in. Then go over to Kneeland's detective agency and have him send a good man over."

Bailey vanished, and Farnsworth turned to Miss Clarendon.

"Was Bob in Boston Tuesday?"

She flushed and hesitated, then answered steadily, "Yes."

"In this office?"

"Yes."

"Came early, before I got here?"

"Yes."

"Bob knew that that check was coming from Hartzell. He may have known that it would be mailed on the 15th. Wait!"

He opened the door and looked into the outer office.

"Mr. Hartzell?" he called. "Come in."

A slender, keen eyed man of forty entered.

"When my nephew called on you a month ago about the Gorham deal, did you mention any date when you would probably settle?"

Hartzell stroked his chin.

"I may have mentioned the 15th," said he. "I told you over the phone."

"You told me the 20th," said Farnsworth, "unless I've forgotten. But what did you tell him? That's the point."

"I think I said that Gorham would probably pay on the 15th."

"Very good. Did you call at the Corn on your way up here?"

"Yes; they're looking the matter up."

Farnsworth sat down to the telephone and called up the Corn. There was a brief conversation, at the close of which Farnsworth pulled open a tall drawer in his desk and took out a check book.

"Well," said he at last, "here's the joker. A leaf containing three checks signed in blank has been cut from this book, and I didn't notice it. Shrewd work, Hartzell. You see that check of yours was too big to be safely handled at your bank, so the rascal deposited it in mine. That gave me a balance of $4,700 more than I knew about, so of course I wouldn't draw against it. Then our thief filled out my blanks to himself and cashed them at my bank. The way I play this game, Hartzell, any smooth fellow can cash a bearer check of mine at the Corn for a couple of thousand without ever being asked to indorse it. I prefer to make some of my payments that way, and the bank knows it."

"Indeed!" said Hartzell, and he stroked his chin again. "I'm afraid you're stuck, Farnsworth."

He turned to go, and Farnsworth did not detain him. As he passed out James Kneeland, the detective, entered, and he gave the departing form a half glance.

"Do you know Hartzell?" said Farnsworth.

"I met him some years ago," responded the detective thoughtfully.

"Has Bailey told you about this game that's been played on me?"

Kneeland nodded and winked his eyes behind his big round spectacles.

"Now, the point of it," said Farnsworth, "is that Hartzell's letter, with the check, was intercepted and opened in this office."

"If it ever came here," said Kneeland.

"I tell you the thing was done here. Checks have been taken from my book. Who could have done that except some one who knows the ropes here?"

"I could have done it," said Kneeland complacently. "A good many people know where you keep that book."

"But the forged indorsement—how do you account for that?"

"Probably traced. You haven't the check, of course?"

"Yes. Hartzell brought it up from his bank. Here it is."

"Hartzell left it here," said the detective. "Well, that's good evidence."

"Evidence?"

"That he didn't do the trick himself."

"I'll tell you who did do it," said Farnsworth. "My nephew did it. It's no trouble for him to forge my name. Ask this young lady here. Is Bob's writing like mine?"

"Remarkably so," said Miss Clarendon calmly.

"Important coincidence," said Kneeland. "Have you got a specimen of his hand? I am tolerably familiar with yours."

"There's a letter from him somewhere here," said Farnsworth.

Miss Clarendon went into the next room and returned immediately with an open letter.

"Here is a sample of Mr. Robert Farnsworth's writing," said she and gave a page to the detective, who read as follows, Farnsworth reading over his shoulder:

"You know he lent me $200 to settle some matters in the west, and I was paying it back at the rate of $10 every Tuesday. I've kept it up since I've been here, and a fierce strain it has been, for I'm getting only eighteen. The most annoying part of it is that my pay day is Tuesday, and I get my money about 2 o'clock. So in order to keep my word to him I have to telegraph the money, and the expense comes right out of my dinner. I have written to him suggesting that I send the amount by mail, but the old mud turtle hasn't opened his shell. So I keep at it. I wouldn't fall if starvation were twice as inconvenient, for he taunted me with that loan when we parted"—

"Telegraphs you money every Tuesday, eh?" said Kneeland, glancing up. "Do you collect it yourself?"

Farnsworth reddened.

"Yes," said he.

"Mr. Robert Farnsworth was here Tuesday morning," said Miss Clarendon, "on an errand for his employers, but he returned in time to get his wages and send the usual remittance to his uncle."

Kneeland was looking dreamily at Hartzell's check, which was unusually large and of a pale greenish hue.

"Give me your signature," said he suddenly, and Farnsworth wrote it on a bit of paper, using a gold mounted stylographic pen which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket. Kneeland compared the signature and the indorsement on the check.

"This is no forgery," said he. "You wrote it yourself, and you did it with that pen. Hold on," he added, silencing Farnsworth with a gesture. "I have an idea."

He put the check in his pocket and left the office without another word.

Presently a messenger came up from the Corn with Farnsworth's used checks. There were among them three to bearer, drawn in a hand unfamiliar to Farnsworth, but signed by him. The numbers showed that these were the three that were taken from the book, signed in blank. The aggregate of the amounts was $4,690.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Kneeland returned. Miss Clarendon was taking dictation.

"I've got your man," said the detective.

"Where is he?"

"Outside," responded Kneeland.

"Bring him in!"

The detective went out and returned with Bailey Harrow. He was pale, but steady.

"Mr. Farnsworth," said he, "I did this, but I'm no thief. You'd never lose a cent through me. I needed the money for a few days, but I can make it good. It was a borrow, that's what it was, the same as you did with Hartzell's check in April, the one that was to go to Jordan & Co., and we put it through the bank on our own account and told Jordan we hadn't got it. And there was the Thompson matter"—

"We won't go into that," said Farnsworth hastily. "How was this game worked?"

"Bailey has been in a little deal in mining shares," said Kneeland, "quite in the line of high finance, too, and he thinks it will turn out well.

"He had a partner who is a clerk in the telegraph office. In fact, the very same man who has paid you the remittances from your nephew. Bailey is familiar with the machinery of receiving money by telegraph, and it happened to strike him that the green slip which you have to sign and indorse looked just like one of Jacob Hartzell's checks. I happened to think of that while I was sitting here looking at Hartzell's check and hearing about money by telegraph. So I went straight down to the office, found out which of the clerks Bailey was chummy with and frightened the fellow till his complexion resembled the pale sea green paper that has been mentioned. One of my men is with him now, and he gave up a good bit of the money.

"Bailey took Hartzell's check out of the envelope Tuesday morning, a big envelope that will carry the check without folding. He gave the check to the telegraph clerk, and you, Mr. Farnsworth, indorsed it when you thought you were putting your name on the back of that telegraph blank. Bailey stole your checks out of the book. The clerk filled them in and

"AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM AN HONEST MAN."

cashed them. He also deposited Hartzell's $4,700 to your order. Now, what shall we do with the men?"

"No arrests, no arrests!" said Farnsworth. And then, "Bailey, how could you do this thing to me?"

Bailey hung his head.

"I'll answer that question," said Miss Clarendon. "For ten years you have trained this young man in dishonesty. You have done to him what the big tricksters of finance have done to you and to ten thousand other men like you till the whole country is poisoned with it. You have made this boy a thief. You tried to make your nephew another, and you couldn't. I have seen this going on, and my soul has sickened at it. Now I am done with it."

"Hold on!" cried Farnsworth. "Where are you going?"

"I have an offer of marriage from an honest man," said she. "Singularly enough, his name is Farnsworth. He earns $15 a week, and I can do a little better than that, so I think we shall get along nicely. I am going to Pittsfield."

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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MEN'S COSTUMES.

The Change That Came When Powder and Snuff Went Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800 as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashion.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuffbox vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide awake, the soft felt hat.—English Illustrated Magazine.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

And the Man Who Likes to Test It on the Circus Animals.

The man who wants to test the power of the human eye on savage beasts is legion, and he affords no end of amusement for the attendants at the circus, who are always on the lookout for him. Often he may be detected standing before the cage of a lion, gazing intently straight into the eyes of the dignified old beast, who gives back with indifference and finally shifts his eyes, not because he feels any mystic influence, but because something else has attracted his attention.

A story is told of a man who tried the hypnotic trick on an ostrich. At first the bird crouched down and fluttered his wings nervously, but made no other manifestation for some time. A few hours later the body of the man was found, with the huge bird alternately stamping and sitting on it. Another is told of a man who tried to outgaze a leopard, with the result that the animal made a fierce charge against the bars of his cage and at the moment the two created a disturbance that brought the attendants hurrying to investigate the trouble.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.

"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You, a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:

"'Married?'

"'No,' says you.

"'Beraus then,' says she, and out you go, unslaked.

"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.

"You apply for a job somewhere. 'How many children have you?' is the first question you're asked. And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."—New York Press.

The Ita Palm.

In the moonlit garden overlooking the sea no sound was to be heard save the petulant plaint of the mosquitoes, angry at being disturbed at their food.

"Come," said the host, "let us go and sit under the ita palm. They won't bother us there."

In comfort under the ita, he went on: "This tree is from the Orinoco delta, the home of the Warau tribe. The Orinoco delta is infested with mosquitoes to an incredible degree. The Waraus, to escape them, live in a palm whose odor the mosquito can't put up with.

"This is the palm—the ita—which makes the naked Warau's mosquito proof bed. A handy thing it is among these salt marshes to have in a garden too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and faithful husband.

Costly Eyeteeth.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly $300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

Inconsistent.

"Dear me," said the poetess, "I don't see why those horrid editors insist on having manuscripts written on only one side of the sheet when they go and print their paper on both sides."—Pathfinder.

There is one preparation known today that will promptly help the stomach. This is Kodol. Kodol digests all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly, so that the use of Kodol for a time will without doubt help anyone who has stomach disorders or stomach trouble. Take Kodol to-day and continue it for the short time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Kodol is sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place In Eyoub and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and, comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"'A dragon, O my beloved,' she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not there will be no more moonlight,' says she—'never!'

"Then, by tar, began the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, laughin' away at the dragon from the window turn and turn about.

"By crimus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE TREATY TREE.

Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.

The "treaty tree," the original American Hugin, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river, Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.

As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:

"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:

"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.—Kansas City Star.

The Overtired Conductor.

When the horse cars were in existence there was a greenhorn known as John who conducted on the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street lines. He boarded with his two aunts, who lived on Catharine street, between Thirteenth and Broad. One day his aunts thought they would take a ride with John and see how he was getting along, so they waited for his car. Soon the car began to get crowded and passengers got off and on at every square. John began to get angry. At last he became so exasperated at having to stop so often that when an old lady asked him to stop at Chestnut he bawled out: "I'm darned sick and tired pulling the bell. It's nothing but stop here and stop there, stop here and stop there. Away with youse all down to Catharine street with me aunts, and you get out in a bunch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two of a Kind.

"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"

"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.

"Then you own a home?"

"N-no."

"That's strange. May I ask your business?"

"I'm a real estate dealer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."—Philadelphia Press.

To the Strict Letter.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."

"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"

The colors on the artist's palette make no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Gokie.

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A Crossed Trail

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Pink Luscom rode out of the corral with slack rein and drooping head. Care sat upon his broad shoulders and dulled the genial light in his gray eyes. Cummings, seated on the doorstep of the bunk house, hooted derisively at his mate.

"You look like you was goin' a-courtin', Pink," he grinned.

Luscom turned a scowling brow as he slapped the rawboned sorrel with a bronzed hand.

"Drop it!" he growled crustily.

The sorrel struck a long, swinging gait, and presently horse and rider disappeared beyond a rise of ground, only to reappear in gradually diminishing perspective until suddenly they vanished altogether.

"What's the matter with Pink?" asked Rozzy Jones in constrained tones from within the bunk house. "He looks like trouble has got him good and plenty."

Cummings clasped his hands about his knees and rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of delight.

"He's going to see the Widder Todd," he chuckled.

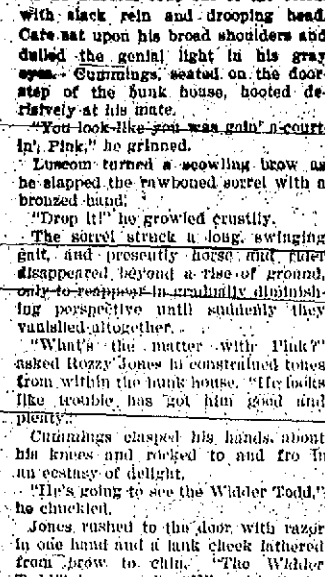
Jones rushed to the door with razor in one hand and a lank cheek lathered from brow to chin. "The Widder Todd!" he gasped. "Why, what's he goin' to see her for?"

"He don't know—she sent for him this mornin'," returned Cummings mirthfully. "I expect Pink overreached himself t'other night at the dance, Miss Hennie Porter, she wouldn't look at Pink all the evenin'. She was dancin' and flirtin' with a long checked, flap-eared jackass, and poor Pink he set up to the Widder Todd and courted her most particular all the evenin' with one eye on Miss Hennie and you and I reckon that he said some serious thing to the widder kinder absent-like."

"Widder Todd wouldn't look at Pink Luscom," snorted Jones irritably.

"Seems like she looked at him considerable t'other night and enjoyed it sufficient to send for him this mornin'," drawled Cummings.

Jones disappeared, and there was the sound of vigorous and renewed scraping of his leathern cheek. Doc Cummings chewed the stem of his pipe reflectively. Presently he craned a curious head toward the interior of the house. "See here, Romeo, if there's anything I can do to help you just you sing out. Shall I catch up a hoss for you?"



"I SAY, ROZZY, YOU AIN'T SORE ABOUT THE WIDDER?"

"Shut up!" retorted Jones in a strangled tone.

"Them there white winged collars is bad for the voice, Rozzy. You sound like you was chokin'. I reckon you'll wean that baby blue crisscross necktie you bought at Widder Todd's store. I hear that baby blue is Miss Hennie's fav'rite color!"

There was no response from within, and presently Jones, attired as gorgeously as Pink Luscom had been a half hour ago, strode haughtily past the man on the doorstep and into the corral, where he proceeded to catch a mount. In a trice he came tearing through the gate on a fiery little black mare, his long legs dangling in close proximity to the burned grass.

He, too, shot a resentful scowl toward the jeering man on the doorstep, and then he disappeared over the rise of ground, his dark figure silhouetted against the copper glory of the evening sky.

"There's Widder Todd a-settin' great store by Rozzy and as mad as a wet hen at him. So she's makin' up to Pink, who's dippy about Miss Hennie. Miss Hennie she's mad at Pink, and so she flirts desperate with Rozzy, who's made at the widder. And they're all mad and jealous of one another, and if somebody don't shake 'em up there's bound to be some more mismated marriages in Seven Forks, O Lordy!" Cummings filled his pipe and lounged over to the cook house and joined a social group about the fire.

Rozzy Jones did not look at the copper glory of the sunset. With moody eyes fixed on the well worn trail, he noted reluctantly the diminishing miles that lay between him and the crossroads. Here, instead of pursuing his customary course toward the town and the domicile of the fascinating widow, he must turn to the right and take the cross trail to Porter's, where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after all, when he did come.

There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him. Now, the widow Jones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of loose gravel and flying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last.

"Fears like you'd lost the trail!" he sneered, heading his beast up the cross trail.

Pink winced. A dark red settled down over his bronzed face.

"I reckon I can find it without any help from you," he drawled.

"I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!" cried Jones tantalizingly.

"Mebbe I don't want to. The trail to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take it!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon we might as well have it out now," he said calmly.

"I'd be plum glad to oblige you!"

Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse sharply.

"I'd like to shake first, Rozzy," said Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's come to this, but when two fellers cross each other's trail, why"— He paused and looked past his rival toward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right. But she and me don't set no great store by each other. She says, come, and the widder says go, so there ain't nothin' for a feller to do."

Luscom was holding a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Rozzy Jones," he said solemnly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Rozzy, while Miss Hennie and me sister 'bout it off first rate, and I reckon if you'll just move aside I'll pike along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

* * * * * * *

When he heard the news Doc Cummings waved a deprecating hand.

"What else could you expect from fellers what wore white wing collars and crisscross baby blue neckties?" he asked.

All He Lacked.

A pitcher belonging to a professional baseball club, who thought he was not getting his share of the limelight of publicity, went one day to the captain and manager to make his "kick." Being of a somewhat choleric disposition, which had got him into trouble more than once, he spoke with feeling.

"Cap," he said, "you're not giving me a square deal, and you know it."

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"You know what's the matter, cap. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

Two Ugly Snakes.

These two snakes, the hamadryad and the cobra, cause the great annual death roll of India from snake bite, about 22,000 people last year. One reason for this great death roll is that Hindoos and Buddhists will not kill the snakes, as it is against their religion to take life. The cobra will go away from you usually, except in the nesting season, and then he will attack you on sight if you disturb him or his mate. It is at this time that so many deaths take place among the Malays and Siamese, as it is coincident with the rice planting season, and the peasants are busily at work in the rice fields. The cobra will live under water, and many people are bitten on the foot or heel while planting rice. Death usually takes place in an hour or less. I have known a large buffalo to be bitten and die in fifteen minutes. It must have been bitten directly in a vein.

In the Malay peninsula and in Siam no one ever walks abroad after dark without a lamp or torch, as it proves almost suicidal to do so.—Medical Journal.

Up to Date.

"How'd you get here, old man?"

"In my airship."

"Road good?"

"Cloudy."—Puck.

MAN'S HEADGEAR.

From the Primitive Cap to the Glossy High Hat of Today.

Earliest of all forms of headgear was the cap. The hat did not really come into common use till the seventeenth century. In the time of Charles I. the queer high sugar loaf shaped hat came into fashion. It was wound with a rich band and trimmed with a feather. Constant balancing of the head was necessary to keep it on. The hat was taken up by the Puritans, who satisfied their bitter consciences by discarding the frivolous band and the wicked feather.

Charles II. brought the French periwig into England, and the tall hat went out to make way for a low, broad brimmed thing, gorgeous with feathers and gimcracks. These broad brims became broader and broader. At last it became necessary to turn them up. First this was done at the back, finally according to the wearer's idea.

Out of this extravagant style of headgear grew the cocked hat. The footmen and the liveried coachmen of many European nations still wear this style of headgear. During Queen Anne's time the cocked hat was the hat of the gentleman. The correct fashion was to carry it under the arm as much as possible.

The French revolution, which took off so many heads that had worn the cocked hat, took off the cocked hat too. In its place the crescent shape became the style, partly by force. The direct ancestor of that dreadful thing, the high hat of today, was the noble and sturdy beaver. Beavers went out of fashion largely because the supply of material became exhausted.—London Answers.

NATURAL SOAP.

The Queer Fruit of a Tree That Grows in Algeria.

Soap grows on trees in Algeria. The soap tree is ornamental and reaches a height of fifty feet. It begins to bear fruit when six years old. The wood is close grained, takes a good polish and is admirably suited for furniture. The average income from a tree is $10 to $20 a year. The composition of the fruit consists of a nut—the shell in which is a seed. In the hull exists the soapy matter in the proportion of 30 to 40 per cent of the bulk of the hull. The soap principle is set free by the shredding of the hull and using it with water just as it were a piece of soap. A beautiful lather is the result, and the cleansing qualities are such that there is no soap made by human process that can compare with them. For toilet purposes the same applies. The hull can be made into a powder and the powder into a cake, so as to make the use of it easier. It can also be made into a liquid for hair wash, dentifrice and various other preparations. Seeds of the Algerian soap tree have been imported to the United States, and soap trees have been discovered in Florida indigenous to the soil. The seed has a kernel which contains a fixed oil in every respect preferable to the best imported olive oil, either for eating or culinary purposes, and also for all kinds of industrial products in which the olive oil is used. The yield in oil is twice that of the olive fruit.—Baltimore American.

A Chinese Superstition.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out into the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

A Fox's Stratagem.

A fox is bound to be a thief whenever he has half a chance to steal, says London Answers. He can no more help taking a goose than a badly trained cat can help taking a chop from the larder. There was a tame fox that was chained in a yard to keep him out of mischief, but he soon hit upon a plan for seizing a stray duck or fowl. At the very farthest point to which his chain would reach he used to place a portion of his food and then hide himself in his kennel. In due course a silly chicken was sure to spy the bait and begin pecking at it. Before it had had time to enjoy its meal, however, the fox would pounce upon it and the stock of poultry be reduced by one.

When Not to Smoke.

It is quite certain that much may be done to diminish the risk of tobacco amblyopia by paying attention to certain points of personal hygiene. For instance, a rule should be made never to smoke upon an empty stomach, but as far as possible only after meals. It is absolutely bad to smoke before dinner and equally bad to smoke late at night to keep awake at one's work. It should also be forbidden to chew the cigar between the teeth, as many smokers are wont to do.—Hospital.

Qualified.

Head Astronomer—I want a man to figure eclipses, calculate the distances between various stars, fix the orbits of certain comets and, in fact, be a sort of handy mathematical man around the heavens. What are your qualifications?

Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir, I was the official score keeper for a woman's bridge club.—Life.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACRUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Obstinacy Of *the* Princess.

By Troy Allison.

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The princess stamped her foot as energetically as any ordinary person would have done. "There's no earthly use being born a princess," she said, "I want my own way occasionally, and I never get it."

The minister raised both eyebrows. "But, your highness, I was sent to reason with you."

"There's no reason in it," she flashed back. "There's anything but reason in my being trotted out like a horse to be inspected by this conceited person merely because he's decided to marry!"

"To think of the son of so powerful a throne being called a person!" The minister's eyes shone through his glasses, blankly dismayed.

The princess shrugged her shoulders in a noncommittal way; then she seized the minister by both hands and continued her argument. "O minister who is not plenipotentiary, if you feel too badly about not being able to reason with me remember even Napoleon failed once, and maybe you two will go down into history together. As for reason"— The princess snapped her slender fingers disrespectfully close to the minister's nose and left the room and the main.

The sudden indisposition of the princess was an unexpected detail in the preparations for receiving the royal visitor, who arrived the next day.

She awoke when the first sunrise crept over the sky, yawning from the weariness of having spent twenty-four hours trying to be still. The gilt clock showed that there were at least two hours before the palace would awake.

She crept out of bed and dressed stealthily, threw a light wrap over her shoulders and went through the door that led from her apartments to the rose garden. She went swiftly toward the summer house that was her favorite retreat. She stopped on the threshold and stared at the young man contemplatively smoking a cigar on her own pet bench.

He hastily threw away the cigar and bowed low before her. "Good morning," he said, and the princess noted the charm of his voice. "I scarcely expected any one else to be awake so early in the day. I hope I'm not trespassing."

The princess was startled, but determined at the expense of veracity to keep the household from learning that the condition of her throat was not so serious as the physician had vaunted for.

"I didn't—er—expect to find any one here myself," looking for time to create ideas. "The fact is I have been awake almost all night attending the—er—princess, and when she at last slept I slipped into the rose garden to be refreshed by the early morning air."

She looked charmingly confused, and the man, evidently a most polite young fellow, declared his intention to leave her in undisputed possession of the rose garden. But the princess was fond enough of an adventure to sweep away a few conventionalities in order to experience the unusual.

"No, no; by all means remain seated, sir," she said, seating herself on a neighboring bench. "I am not so selfish nor, indeed, so unsociable. I judge, sir, that you are connected with our royal visitor's retinue?"

The man hesitated, then smiled genially.

"Yes, you are right. I generally always in fact accompany the prince in his travels."

"Then tell me about him," she broke in eagerly. "I shall not be able to get a glimpse of him while he is here, and I must own to a certain amount of curiosity concerning him."

"Upon one condition"—he leaned toward her, evidently struck with an idea—"that you tell me about the Princess Constancia."

"A bargain!" she cried, and her eyes smiled again. "You take first turn. You are a visitor, you know."

He puckered his forehead in a thoughtful frown. "He's rather a good natured chap," he said at last doubtfully.

"Pooh! Of course he is—always has his own way and is never crossed in it, I haven't a doubt," she scoffed.

"There's where you are wrong," he said energetically. "The king has as strong a will as—er—as the prince has, and they are eternally clashing."

She traded her first bit of information with every indication of pride in it.

"Strong will! The combined powers of both your king and your prince couldn't equal that of our princess. And temper! You never saw any one with such a fiendish temper," she whispered confidentially.

"So bad as that?" feebly. "I—we heard that she was quite charming."

"Oh, I don't deny that she is rather nice to look at, but she—she has boxed my ears several times," beginning to take a delight in her creative imagination.

He leaned forward and grasped the arms of the bench, tense with indignation.

"And you have to submit to it! You poor little thing!" his eyes full of commiseration and admiration.

The princess put on the first meekly submissive air mortal man had ever seen her wear.

"What could I do?" plaintively. "There are times when she is really nice to me."

"There's one thing certain," he broke in vehemently; "such a vixen would not make a desirable wife for the prince."

"I don't know that he's too good for her," she said defensively. "I don't care much for the prince. He's too conceited."

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I never heard— How on earth could you get such an idea into your head?" he demanded.

"Doesn't he go from one country to another, expecting all girls of suitable age and birth to be trotted out for his inspection, just like selecting a necktie?" indignantly. "If I were a princess I would positively enjoy having him ask me to marry him!"

He could not take his gaze from the flushed, piquant face.

"If I were a prince I should be broken hearted if you treated my proposal with such scorn," he said fervently.

The princess rose hurriedly.

"I think I must see if the princess needs me."

"Won't you tell me your name," he asked, standing with his head uncovered, "and that I am to have the pleasure of seeing you later in the day?"

"I am afraid—I must not," she faltered, "and please, please do not mention that you have met any one here. I want to be free to come here again," she added innocently.

His face suddenly lost its doleful look.

"Would I be much in the way if I happened to be smoking my cigar here when you come?" he suggested boyishly.

"Not in the least—if you can get away from the prince," she said as she started down the path.

On the last day of the prince's visit she came into the rose garden a trifle earlier, but he was there, just as she had found him for the last three mornings.

"You are leaving this afternoon, I hear," she said in greeting.

"And I am to leave without knowing your name?" he asked gloomily.

The princess' eyes were wistful.

"It's best to let it remain simply—an episode," she answered, with a reflection of his despondency.

"But I must know—I will know!" He seized both her hands and held them firmly.

"I can't tell you—now," she gasped, "but if the prince is to be at the reception next month perhaps I'll be able to see you then. I know our princess is going."

The gloominess lifted from his face.

"I'll see you—I'll find you—I'll defy all the powers that be—for you!" And he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her.

For a moment the princess did not stir; then she gave a startled exclamation and slipped from his embrace.

Two days after the departure of the prince and his retinue she found herself well enough to go to the room that the minister considered his own special den. Her curiosity could no longer be restrained, and the minister, having always proved wax in her hands, could surely be induced to tell all he knew about the late visitors.

While talking her glance fell upon a small photograph lying on the table before her. Her eyes widened and her breath came faster.

"Who's that?" she demanded eagerly, stopping the minister in the middle of what he considered a well chosen remark.

"Don't you know?" he asked in astonishment. "I believe it is though, the first photograph taken with a full beard. It's the prince, your highness, and he graciously put his signature on it for me."

The princess took the picture in her hand, looked at it intently, then gave way to a peal of hysterical laughter which caused the old man to lean over her anxiously.

"Shall I ring for one of the maids, your highness?" he asked her perplexedly.

The princess sat up and wiped her eyes on a dainty lace handkerchief.

"No, no! Don't ring! I never felt better in my life. I have an inspiration. I don't want to have a marriage arranged for me. There is no romance in such procedure. If you will only leave me free until after the regatta I promise to arrange for myself a marriage that will please every soul in the country. Give me freedom for one little month," she coaxed, standing before him and placing an eloquently persuasive hand on each shoulder.

He looked into her eyes helplessly.

"I shall never be able to understand the feminine mind," he said dolefully.

Shooting Stars.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the Dipper, are very, very far away; so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great, and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air without being wholly burned up and falls on the ground.—St. Nicholas.

Olive Oil and Long Life.

Many have wondered at the great age men attained in Biblical times. An age of 120 years was not at all unusual in those days for men to attain in full possession of their faculties before they were gathered unto their fathers. There is a cause for everything, and is it unreasonable to attribute this long life, in part at least, to the fact that all these men perhaps daily freely used olive oil? They lived in the land of the olive and regarded it as one of their greatest earthly blessings, for it gave them health and "length of days"—Homeopathic Envoy.

SPONGE DIVERS.

Hardly a Single Caphander of Tripoli Escapes Paralysis.

There are a great many varieties of sponges, most of which are found in the warmer parts of the ocean. The bath sponges are chiefly obtained from the eastern half of the Mediterranean, where they occur at all depths down to 200 fathoms and are obtained by diving, dredging or harpooning.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, C. W. Furlong gives an account of the work of the Greek sponge divers off the coast of Tripoli, in north Africa. Attacks by sharks and dogfish have gradually frightened away the common divers, who dive naked with a piece of flat marble and a line, and the field is left clear for the "caphanders," as the men are called who use air pump, suit and helmet.

The greatest enemy of the caphander is paralysis, hardly a single diver escaping from it in some form or other. The great cause of this disease is the sudden relief of pressure due to the rapid ascent, the dangerous symptoms appearing when the diver emerges into the fresh air.

Strange as it may seem, a partially paralyzed diver on descending into the waters recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. To battle with this scourge the Greek government has issued regulations as to the depths to which a diver shall go and has also provided a hospital ship and a sponge divers' hospital on shore.

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades Is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will draw the grain sideward from the edge, so that after a time for several inches the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it had on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the inner outer points toward the back you have a razor which can't be kept in condition even by the most consummate barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same razor. If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up, you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until steel is worn through to the back.—Strand Magazine.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey Palace of Holyrood House, to quote full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominos and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

The English of It.

A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the army and navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman!" she sighed. "She was married twice."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Problem Unsolved.

A story is told of a young man in England, a great chess enthusiast, who was so annoyed at his failure to solve an apparently simple problem that he vowed he would neither sleep nor eat until the solution was found. He shut himself up in a disused room and was found four days later by his relatives terribly emaciated and out of his mind. He spent a year in a lunatic asylum as a result of his rash vow, and the problem remains unsolved.

No Enjoyment.

"This village enjoys the reputation of being the birthplace of two members of the legislature and one congressman, does it not?" politely inquired the sojourner within its gates.

"Nope!" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was a pessimistic old grouch anyhow. "It just has it, that's all."—Puck.

Adding to His Offensiveness.

The man who told us so is always doubly offensive if he comes around after the arrival of our troubles and tries to look as if he had forgotten all about it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

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THE Mayflower, President Roosevelt's yacht, collided with and sunk the two masted schooner, Menawa, early Wednesday morning. No one was injured.

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals yesterday, Judges Grosscup, Baker and Seaman sitting, unanimously reversed the decision of Federal Judge Landis fining the Standard Oil company $29,240,000 and remanded the case back to the lower court for rehearing.

MR. BRYAN receives $500 each for his "canned" speeches he furnishes to the Edison Phonograph Company and turns these amounts over to the Nebraska State and County Democratic committees. Mr. Bryan says he will refuse to accept campaign fund donations from this corporation is different. William is certainly an artful dodger.

THE arrest of John A. Van Rensselaer, son of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, on the charge of threatening to kill his mother if she did not give him more money, has created another sensation in New York's swell social set. This bold, bad boy will be examined as to his sanity and will probably be sent to Bellevue hospital to save the family name.

FROM July 10 to 20 sixteen persons killed themselves in Pittsburg and six others made attempts, some of which will be fatal. The medical and police authorities say that such a tragic record has never been equalled in that city within their knowledge. The opinion of medical experts is that the primary cause of most suicides lies in the effect of the weather on the minds of people undergoing severe mental strain.

ELEVEN people were shot last night, one of them being killed outright and two of them probably fatally injured, by two desperadoes, who, pursued by policemen and a crowd of citizens, fled for two miles through a thickly settled region of Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston, firing madly right and left and disappearing later in the woods near Franklin Park. The men are believed to be two of a gang of three who Tuesday night robbed a saloon in Jamaica Plain after shooting and killing one man and wounding two others.

BRYAN, beaten in 1896 by 601,819 votes and in 1900 by 849,790 votes, is again put up for the Presidency, despite his record of defeat. To be consistent, the Democratic party has associated with him, and charged with the specific task of "carrying Indiana," a twice defeated candidate for Governor of that State. John W. Kern fell 25,163 votes short of success in 1900 and 84,364 in 1904, and these are two of the worst defeats ever sustained by a Hoosier Gubernatorial candidate. His experience in public affairs has been confined to service in the Legislature and as city attorney of Indianapolis, and to several unsuccessful quests for higher office.—New York Evening Mail.

FOR seven strenuous years Theodore Roosevelt has led the awakening of public confidence. The convention appreciated the power and unimpeachable influence of all this discussion and agitation, and called in no uncertain tones, "On the job Bill!" "Teddy" has done the talking, and "Bill" will do the building. A prosperity is promised that will be permanent and enduring, giving equal opportunity to all. The big hearty smile and good nature of the nominee was infectious, and a characteristic feature of the convention. It will continue to foreshadow the equal temper of the campaign. With "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together," the great hailing sign has met with a response from the people which will characterize this campaign as marking a new golden era in national history. The slogan sweeps irresistibly along the party line as everyone finds the magic words singing themselves over and over again. Everyone is "on the job with Bill!"—National Magazine.

THE H. C. Frick Coke Company, the fuel end of the steel corporation, has replaced orders with many employment agencies in Pittsburg for men to work at the coke ovens in the Connellsville field. A stipulation is made that all must be Americans or those who have been residents of the United States for a certain number of years brings out the fact that the steel corporation has joined hands with the other concerns in trying to do away with illiterate foreign laborers. Within the past week steamship agencies in the Pittsburg district have cabled to Europe instructions to foreigners who went home at the beginning of the recent financial stringency that they should not return: that those who had for years employed them would not re-employ them, that their places were filled by English speaking workmen for whom cozy homes were being built by the employers. It is estimated that 10,000 foreigners who went to their homes on a visit recently from the Pittsburg industrial district have been instructed to remain there.

CHARLES M. Schwab, chairman and president of the Bethlehem Steel company and former head of the United States Steel corporation in an optimistic interview predicted a period of prosperity such as the country has not known for several decades. Mr. Schwab recently returned from Europe where he studied trade conditions and noted the pulse of trade in the countries he visited, and was assured that America is stimulating trade all over the world. When he consulted to talk trade conditions and the country's hope for permanent prosperity, it was after he had given the subject his best thought, he said: "The financial panic was a healthy check and it will redound to the business interests of the country. There is nothing ahead of this country, but a period of permanent prosperity. This is being felt in trade circles to-day and the feeling has gradually been growing stronger for several weeks. The state of the stock market and the strong reports dealing with many commercial enterprises indicate that the confidence of the people of the United States has been restored, or it is being restored with every hour. In Europe the restoration of confidence in business life was quickly observed in financial centers. Any depression in business life here is quickly reflected on the other side of the Atlantic. Europe watches us with the greatest care. I am happy to say that the prosperity which is now before us is felt with equal joy by Europeans. And when I state that we are about to enter into a state of unprecedented prosperity it is no idle prediction.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pipenles for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pipenles at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims, or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
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THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER AND TAILOR.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on Monday, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, under and by virtue of the general assembly of the State of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations". Approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, by Ada M. Young, Jane N. Forsythe, Katherine D. McKean, Rosa G. Walker, Addie O. Specht, and others, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Travelers' Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania," the character and object of which are, The maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, educational and literary purposes, and to that end to provide, furnish, equip and maintain a suitable building or club house for the use, comfort and convenience of its members, and if practicable to establish and maintain a public library therein; and to procure the necessary real estate for such purposes; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Solicitor.

MOVE COUGH THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL HER'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Bulletin.

TOUR TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

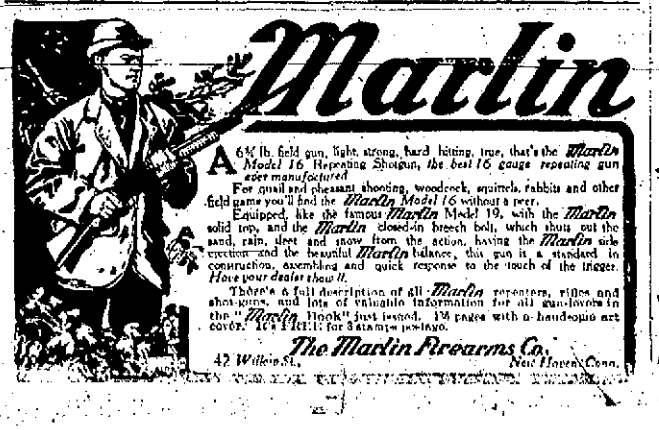
In northwestern Wyoming in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, lies one of nature's richest treasures—the Yellowstone National Park. Set apart by Act of Congress for the enjoyment of mankind, it is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of majestic moods. Mammoth hot springs, with multicolored terraces, cliffs of glass, beautiful lakes, mighty falls, glorious canyons, and geisers of all descriptions, are found in this wonderful region.

On August 24 a personally-conducted tour through the Yellowstone Park to Portland and Seattle, returning through the magnificent Canadian Rocky Mountains, will leave the East by special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad. Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, one day in Vancouver, one day at Field, B. C., one day at Laggan, Alba., one day at Banff, and stops will be made at many other points of interest. The tour will cover a period of twenty-two days.

As an educational trip for either teacher or scholar, this tour is especially attractive, as it covers a section of America rich in scenery and replete with the marvelous manifestations of nature.

The rates, which will cover all necessary expenses will be $246 from New York, $243.20 from Philadelphia, $241.20 from Washington and Baltimore, $230.80 from Pittsburg, and proportionate from other points.

Perliminary leaflets may be obtained of Agents, and detailed itineraries will be ready for distribution shortly. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the Park of the Nation should make application for Pullman space early, as the party will be limited. Make application through local Ticket Agents or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 144 pages with a handsome art cover. Ice 1 cent for 2 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Five Day Excursion to

NIAGARA FALLS

Saturday, July 25th,

—VIA—

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway.

Round Trip fare from Newton $3

Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo on or before Wednesday, July 29th.

Train leaves Newton - - 3:12 p. m.

ANDORFER & LYLE
Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holdor I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Semi-Annual Clearance

—OF—

The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,

To Saturday, July 18th.

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door. Look it over--then come.

The Lindholm Company.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

SPEAKS TODAY AT OUR STORE

Bryan has just made Records of his ten best speeches for the

GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

sold by us. The Records consist of telling passages selected from his favorite orations on such subjects as The Trust Question, Imperialism, Immortality, The Labor Question, An Ideal Republic, etc.

These Records were made by Mr. Bryan himself. Everyone who has heard him speak will recognize all of that wonderful charm of voice and manner that has made him famous as an orator.

Come to our store and hear the real voice and spoken words of the Great Commoner, repeated true to life on Thomas A. Edison's Phonograph. Free exhibitions of the Bryan records every day this week.

A genuine Edison Phonograph complete with the new big horn for $12.50 or $25. Sold for only $1 a week. Edison Records that wear forever are only 35 cents each.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 23, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The outlook is growing brighter.

—Attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane field this afternoon.

—The Smethport Water company is repairing its big reservoir this week.

—Mrs. Ed. Studholme entertained the Bridge Whist club Wednesday afternoon.

—A trio of Italian musicians have been furnishing entertainment for large crowds in town this week.

—Make your preparations early for the McKean County Fair and Races, September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Digel at their home on Water street, last evening, a boy weighing 8½ pounds.

—"Three Weeks" will be presented to London theatre-goers this week, with Mrs. Elinor Glyn in the leading role.

—Fred Wendel, who has been suffering with typhoid fever for the past three weeks, is still in a very serious condition.

—The heavy rain on Tuesday was a lucky thing for the Smethport Water Co. as well as the water consumers of this borough.

—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. James White will be pleased to hear that a little daughter arrived at their home at Clarion, Pa., July 18, 1908.

—A Republican banner bearing portraits of the presidential and congressional candidates will be strung to the breeze across Main street in a few days.

—Port Allegany was visited by a sort of cloud burst Tuesday. The damage to gardens, lawns, roads and other property will amount to a good many dollars in the aggregate, although no individual loss was great.

—W. T. Mann died at Lindley, N. Y., on Sunday last aged 69 years. Burial took place on Monday at Mansfield, Pa., of which place he was a resident for many years. He leaves besides his widow, one daughter, Mrs. R. E. Burdick of this place.

—George A. Denning, the popular Main street barber, received a message yesterday stating that his mother, Mrs. George Denning, died at her home in Odessa, N. Y., that morning. She was aged about 70 years. Mr. Denning left ... attend the funeral.

—Mrs. Burress Moore informally entertained to-day in honor of her house guests, Mrs. E. W. Karb of Bellfontaine, Ohio, Mrs. Chas. McKean and Mrs. J. C. Brown of Smethport.—Wednesday's Kane Republican.

—On Monday Gillette's Jolly Fingers sought revenge for their defeat on Friday at the hands of Lee's Limburgers and they again crossed bats. The disaster to Gil's forces was so terrible that we refrain from publishing more details than that the score was 24 to 14.

—Charles Gibbons of Salamanca and Miss Ollie Burgess of Coleville were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. George Elmore, at No. 11 Zoe street on Monday evening. Rev. J. H. Yaggy officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons will reside at East Salamanca, where the groom is employed by the B., R. & P. railroad company.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. H. H. Redfield of Smethport entertained a party of ladies at the St. James hotel here yesterday at lunch. The party motored over from the county seat and included Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, Erie; Mrs. W. L. Hammar, Lynchburg, Va.; Mrs. E. T. Newman, Syracuse; Mrs. J. S. Walker, Smethport, and the hostess, Mrs. H. H. Redfield.—Tuesday's Bradford Star.

—Miss Nellie E. Plunkett, aged 16 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Plunkett of Eldred, and William C. Stone, aged 20 years, son of Mrs. Thos. J. Stone of the same place, was united in marriage by Rev. Hugh Boyd, pastor of the Ninth street Methodist church of Olean, N. Y., Wednesday, July 15, 1908. The young people were accompanied by their parents.

—Jim Bratz, who had been serving a sentence in the county jail for assault and battery on a man in Hazelhurst, was released about noon on Saturday and the same evening he was arrested and placed in the lockup for being drunk and disorderly on the streets. By special request from the Chief Burgess he will leave Smethport off his voluntary visiting list in the future.

—The report was circulated on the streets last night that Ollie Estry, a well-known glassworker who has made his home in this place for a number of years and a popular member of the Smethport baseball team, was drowned in Lake Erie a few days ago. No one whom we could find was able to confirm nor refute the rumor and we therefore have hopes that this rumor is without foundation.

—A man entered the room of Miss Jennie Whitcomb at her parents' home in Coudersport and attempted to chloroform the young lady last Saturday night. Her screams aroused members of the family and frightened the miscreant, who escaped through the window. According to the Enterprise Miss Whitcomb is quite positive she recognized her assailant, but for various reasons refused to give his name.

—William L. Hafferar met with a painful accident last Saturday while fishing alone on Blacksmith brook. In climbing over a rock he slipped and cut a deep gash in his left leg and bruised the shin bone quite badly. The pain was so severe that he had to bathe the injured member in cold water for a long time before he could step on it, and the walk of three miles to his home was slow and painful work.

—About 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, the general store belonging to J. C. Doyle at Sartwell, burned to the ground. Mr. Doyle was at a barn nearby at the time and as no one was in the store, it is a mystery how it started. It is believed to have been either struck by lightening or fired by mice. There being no advantages to fight the fire, the building and most of the contents were soon consumed. The loss was total and is estimated at $2,000 with an insurance of $1,500.—Eldred Eagle.

—After an illness of many weeks, Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, died at 8:35 Tuesday evening at his summer home in Cooperstown, N. Y. His Grace's death had been anticipated for several weeks and at the time of his death all the members of his family were at his bedside. Almost all day he had been unconscious. He was 71 years old. The temporal successor to Bishop Potter as head of the church is Rev. Dr. William M. Greer, who has been the Bishop coadjutor and who became Bishop de facto upon the death of his superior.

—The advance guard of the army of woodsmen who are to denude the 2,000 acre tract of hemlock and pine in Medix Run, the last of the large tracts of timber standing in Pennsylvania, say that in their work of erecting camps and surveying the land that more than forty deer were seen and that the region abounds in small game. About ninety million feet of hemlock and pine will be cut and about twenty million feet of hardwood will be made into logs. Nearly seven hundred men will be employed in the job.—Port Allegany Reporter. Neighbor Laymon is a trifle mistaken about this being the largest tract left in this state. At the head of Potato creek the Goodyear's own a tract of virgin timber covering about 30,000 acres.

—The differences existing between the minority stockholders of Case Bros. Cutlery Co. have been satisfactorily adjusted. The trustees for the minority stockholders closing a deal Wednesday afternoon whereby they came into possession of the property of Case Bros. at this place, including the factory and real estate. The Kane stockholders also hold stock in the Little Valley plant of between $15,000 and $18,000. The price paid for the Kane plant being $33,3000. Mr. John D. Case has entered into a five year contract with the Kane company as manager of this plant and operations under the new regime started yesterday. It is the intention of the new manager to start slowly, but he expects by fall to have the plant running in good shape with a much larger force.—Kane Republican.

Personal Mention.

John Rapine of DuBois was in town Wednesday.

B. S. Hoyle was in Bradford on business Saturday.

Horace King was a business visitor at Bradford this week.

Miss Olive Rebenack of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus were guests of Eldred relatives Sunday.

Don McCarthy of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday with friends in town.

Hon. T. A. Morrison had business in Bradford the first of the week.

Robert Blake of Bradford was in town on business the first of the week.

Miss Mary Selover of Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. O. J. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve McClafferty of Hazelhurst were in town Sunday.

Paul Doville of Eldred was calling on friends in town a few days this week.

Howard and Paul Denning left Monday for a ten day visit at Cuba, N. Y.

Cyrus Chisholm and Joe Roys of Port Allegany were in town Tuesday.

S. F. Redfield and M. M. Gillette left Tuesday for New York city on business.

Wilbur DeGolyer left Monday for a two weeks' visit with friends at Hazelhurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bacon of DuBois are in town visiting their numerous friends.

Lynn and Viva Heinsman of Bradford were calling on friends in town Sunday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was the guest of Olean friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Erie arrived in town Friday in their new touring car.

Miss Kathleen Cassidy of Ormsby was calling on friends in this place the first of the week.

Misses Olive and Mildred Johnson returned Tuesday from a short visit with friends in Olean.

Miss Donna Lyman is passing her vacation with her friend Miss Rena Allen at Port Allegany.

Albert and Alfred Powell of Clarksburg, W. Va., former Smethport boys have been renewing old acquaintances during their stay in town.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are in town the guests of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Isherwood were guests of Bradford friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Emil Jahn of Eldred was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, the first of the week.

Miss Rosalind Warshofsky of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting at the home of H. W. Rubin and family.

Mrs. Parsons and daughter, Miss Flora of Bradford were the guests of Mrs. James McGuier this week.

John Tretton of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting at the home of his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted left Wednesday for a fishing trip in Austin and other parts of Potter county.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zela Brasted left Tuesday for New Castle to visit the Misses Nixon and other friends.

Severe Eckert has returned home and is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Eckert.

Mrs. S. D. Ruhlman and Mrs. Clara Laib of Warren, are the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Kane were calling on their many friends in this place the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks left Monday for Camden, N. J., where they expect to make their home in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hackett of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday with Mr. Hackett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hackett.

Miss Linugnah Lilgendahl returned Friday from Bradford where she has been visiting friends for the past few weeks.

Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins and children of St. Marys are the guests of Mrs. Watkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Miss Beulah Holder returned Friday from Hamilton, Canada, where she has been the guest of friends for the past few weeks.

Mrs. Garth Rumsey and son, Martin, returned to their home in Mt. Jewett after visiting relatives and friends in Clermont and Smethport.

Miss Leona Hogarth returned home Friday evening from Bradford where she has been passing the last two weeks with relatives and friends.

Roy McGavish, John Flynn, Myron Cohn, Harry Haley and John Connelly of Olean were in town Tuesday and attended the funeral of the late Fred Purtle.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman J. Finney of Bradford, their son Charles Finney of New York and Miss Sax of Scranton, Pa., were guests of H. C. Wells and family yesterday.

John O'Reilly, who has been visiting here for a few days, was called to his home in Pittsburg last night on account of the illness of his child. His brother Will accompanied him in his touring car.

Hogarth's Frozen Dessert, a delicious and satisfying finish to the Sunday or company dinner, will save the housewife much work and worry this hot weather. Try it. 50 cts. a quart. 2t

Fifty Positions This Year.

Fifty positions were filled by students from Westbrook Academy this year. To qualify at this school means success.

For Sale.

Two horses, cheap, and one sulky plow. Inquire of O. D. Nourse, East Smethport.

I am prepared to do ... ring, Shampooing and Facial M... residence. Alberta Sturdevan

BRADFORD, P... PA

JEWELER OP...IAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

100

CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS

at

LESS THAN COST PRICE.

$1.00, 1.50 & 1.75 Suit for $1.00

$2.00, 2.50 & 3.00 Suit for $1.50

—They are beautiful little Suits to sell at so small a price, but we rather lose a little and sell now than carry them over to next season. Also

1-2 PRICE SALE

on all

Men's Summer Pants.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

RUG SIZE CARPET SAMPLES.

This week we offer you an opportunity to make some very desirable additions to your stock of rugs at very much less than the usual cost.

There is an excellent assortment of beautiful patterns in floral and oriental designs in medium and high grade Tapestry, Velvet and Axminister.

An inexpensive finish of fringe or binding quickly converts one of these sample pieces into a rug which you could scarcely duplicate in the regular way at twice the cost.

SIZE 27 INCHES x 54 INCHES—per piece 88c to $1.45

Bargains in Summer Goods

Our clearance of Summer Stocks affords an excellent opportunity of saving money. Assortments are smaller, of course, but there is good picking yet.

FRY & COMES

WHY

—are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

TO

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

JULY 31, AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

A Trick With Dollars.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1899, by Howard Fielding.

BAILEY HARROW was a specialist. His employer, John Farnsworth, had accounts in half a dozen banks and notes falling due in twenty others. Like the leaves in Vallombrosa fell John Farnsworth's notes and were caught at the last possible second—or seven later—by the whirlwind of finance which kept them from touching the ground. Bailey Harrow rode upon the whirlwind and directed to guide it in the interests of John Farnsworth.

Bailey may have been about twenty-seven, and he looked like an active little old man, his face deeply lined by wary thinking.

On a certain forenoon Bailey came into Farnsworth's private room.

"Everything's quiet at the Corn," said Bailey, laying a bank book on the desk.

"The Corn" was the abbreviation for the name of a national bank.

The telephone bell rang, and Farnsworth rose hastily from his chair and

"WELL," SAID HE AT LAST, "HERE'S THE JOKER."

made a gesture toward the instrument which was on the leaf of his desk. Bailey sat down and after exchanging the customary salutation covered the transmitter with his hand.

"It's Hartzell," said he in a low voice. "Are you here?"

"I'll bet I am," responded Farnsworth and changed places with Bailey.

"Hello, Hartzell! How about it?"

He listened for some seconds, and his face revealed that the communication was important and surprising.

"You sent the check? When? Monday? You must be dreaming. For how much? The full amount? Great Peter! Well, it hasn't shown up. If you really mailed it, it's lost. Stop it at your bank, and for the love of Moses send me another right away. Send it by a boy. Hold on a minute. I'll have Bailey go right down to your place."

Farnsworth hung up the receiver and turned to Bailey.

"You know Hartzell," said he. "He's a slippery proposition, but he can't fool you. He says he sent me a check for $4,700 Monday, and here it is Friday! If this is a fairy story, what's it about? I don't see through it. He can't get out of paying the money. You know what it's for. It's my share of that takeoff on the Gorham transaction."

"Never heard of it," said Bailey.

"Well, you hear of it now," responded Farnsworth, "and I need the money. You come back with his check, certified. Understand?"

"Sure!" said Bailey and departed.

Farnsworth opened the door of an adjoining room and called to his stenographer, a pretty girl, blue eyed and fair haired, with the look of a thoroughbred, altogether a very superior creature. As for Farnsworth, he was a crude product to begin with, and his individual life had not improved the stuff of which he was made. The contrast affected him unpleasantly in Miss Clarendon's presence.

"Well, Gertie," said he, "did you hear from Bob this morning?"

She made a scarcely perceptible gesture of negation.

"I hope you never will," said Farnsworth. "That boy is strictly no good."

Miss Clarendon made no reply.

The young man referred to as Bob was Farnsworth's nephew and no favorite of his. Bob had been in the west and had not succeeded there. Eventually he had drifted back to Boston and had been employed for some months by Farnsworth, when they had parted, with no good will.

Undoubtedly an element of Farnsworth's dislike of his nephew was the young man's obvious interest in Miss Clarendon, yet the disfavor rested upon other grounds as Bob had been plainly informed.

"If you were the right sort," Farnsworth had said to him, "I wouldn't stand in your way. I'd help you and be mighty glad to have Gertie in the family. But you're not good enough. You're a loafer. You're born to work, and I've got no use for you."

"I'm too like you to do the kind of work that's done in this office," Bob had replied, and the remark blew what was left of amity between them.

Farnsworth knew that his nephew had gone to Pittsfield, and that was all.

Dictation was in progress when there came a quick, light rap at the door, and Bailey Harrow entered, his visage packed with perplexity as Farnsworth had never before seen it.

"Hartzell's outside," he said. "He's got that check. It's been through the bank."

"You mean to say it was cashed?"

"Yes, sir, it was," said Bailey. "It was cashed at the Corn and was settled through the clearing house by Hartzell's bank."

"How was it drawn—to my order?"

"Yes, sir, and it's got your name on the back of it."

"Forgery!"

"Sure," said Bailey.

Farnsworth paced a turn or two and then addressed Bailey.

"Go out and hold Hartzell a couple of minutes before you let him in. Then go over to Kneeland's detective agency and have him send a good man over."

Bailey vanished, and Farnsworth turned to Miss Clarendon.

"Was Bob in Boston Tuesday?"

She flushed and hesitated, then answered steadily, "Yes."

"In this office?"

"Yes."

"Came early, before I got here?"

"Yes."

"Bob knew that that check was coming from Hartzell. He may have known that it would be mailed on the 15th. Wait!"

He opened the door and looked into the outer office.

"Mr. Hartzell!" he called. "Come in."

A slender, keen eyed man of forty entered.

"When my nephew called on you a month ago about the Gorham deal, did you mention any date when you would probably settle?"

Hartzell stroked his chin.

"I may have mentioned the 15th," said he. "I told you over the phone."

"You told me the 20th," said Farnsworth, "unless I've forgotten. But what did you tell him? That's the point."

"I think I said that Gorham would probably pay on the 15th."

"Very good. Did you call at the Corn on your way up here?"

"Yes, they're looking the matter up."

Farnsworth sat down to the telephone and called up the Corn. There was a brief conversation, at the close of which Farnsworth pulled open a till, drawer in his desk and took out a check book.

"Well," said he at last, "here's the joker. A leaf containing three checks signed in blank has been cut from this book, and I didn't notice it. Shrewd work, Hartzell. You see, that check of yours was too big to be safely handled at your bank, so the rascal deposited it in mine. That gave me a balance of $4,700 more than I knew about, so of course I wouldn't draw against it. Then our thief filled out my blanks to bearer and cashed them at my bank. The way I play this game, Hartzell, any smooth fellow can cash a bearer check of mine at the Corn for a couple of thousand without ever being asked to indorse it. I prefer to make some of my payments that way, and the bank knows it."

"Indeed!" said Hartzell, and he stroked his chin again. "I'm afraid you're stuck, Farnsworth."

He turned to go, and Farnsworth did not detain him. As he passed out James Kneeland, the detective, entered, and he gave the departing form a half glance.

"Do you know Hartzell?" said Farnsworth.

"I met him some years ago," responded the detective thoughtfully.

"Has Bailey told you about this game that's been played on me?"

Kneeland nodded and winked his eyes behind his big round spectacles.

"Now, the point of it," said Farnsworth, "is that Hartzell's letter, with the check, was intercepted and opened in this office."

"If it ever came here," said Kneeland.

"I tell you the thing was done here. Checks have been taken from my book. Who could have done that except some one who knows the ropes here?"

"I could have done it," said Kneeland complacently. "A good many people know where you keep that book."

"But the forged indorsement—how do you account for that?"

"Probably traced. You haven't the check, of course?"

"Yes. Hartzell brought it up from his bank. Here it is."

"Hartzell left it here," said the detective. "Well, that's good evidence."

"Evidence?"

"That he didn't do the trick himself."

"I'll tell you who did do it," said Farnsworth. "My nephew did it. It's no trouble for him to forge my name. Ask this young lady here. Is Bob's writing like mine?"

"Remarkably so," said Miss Clarendon calmly.

"Important coincidence," said Kneeland. "Have you got a specimen of his hand? I am tolerably familiar with yours."

"There's a letter from him somewhere here," said Farnsworth.

Miss Clarendon went into the next room and returned immediately with an open letter.

"Here is a sample of Mr. Robert Farnsworth's writing," said she and gave a page to the detective, who read as follows, Farnsworth reading over his shoulder:

"You know he lent me $200 to settle some matters in the west, and I was paying it back at the rate of $10 every Tuesday. I've kept it up since I've been here, and a fierce strain it has been, for I'm getting only eighteen. The most annoying part of it is that my pay day is Tuesday, and I get my money about 2 o'clock. So in order to keep my word to him I have to telegraph the money, and the expense comes right out of my dinner. I have written to him suggesting that I send the amount by mail, but the old mud turtle hasn't opened his shell. So I keep at it. I wouldn't fail if starvation were twice as inconvenient, for he taunted me with that loan when we parted"—

"Telegraphs you money every Tuesday, eh?" said Kneeland, glancing up. "Do you collect it yourself?"

Farnsworth reddened.

"Yes," said he.

"Mr. Robert Farnsworth was here Tuesday morning," said Miss Clarendon, "on an errand for his employers, but he returned in time to get his wages and send the usual remittance to his uncle."

Kneeland was looking dreamily at Hartzell's check, which was unusually large and of a pale greenish hue.

"Give me your signature," said he suddenly, and Farnsworth wrote it on a bit of paper, using a gold mounted stylographic pen which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket. Kneeland compared the signature and the indorsement on the check.

"This is no forgery," said he. "You wrote it yourself, and you did it with that pen. Hold on," he added, silencing Farnsworth with a gesture. "I have an idea."

He put the check in his pocket and left the office without another word.

Presently a messenger came up from the Corn with Farnsworth's used checks. There were among them three to bearer, drawn in a hand unfamiliar to Farnsworth, but signed by him. The numbers showed that these were the three that were taken from the book signed in blank. The aggregate of the amounts was $4,680.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Kneeland returned. Miss Clarendon was taking dictation.

"I've got your man," said the detective.

"Where is he?"

"Outside," responded Kneeland.

"Bring him in!"

The detective went out and returned with Bailey Harrow. He was pale but steady.

"Mr. Farnsworth," said he, "I did this, but I'm no thief. You'd never lose a cent through me. I needed the money for a few days, but I can make it good. It was a borrow, that's what it was, the same as you did with Hartzell's check in April, the one that was to go to Jordan & Co., and we put it through the bank on our own account and told Jordan we hadn't got it. And there was the Thompson matter"—

"We won't go into that," said Farnsworth hastily. "How was this game worked?"

"Bailey has been in a little deal in mining shares," said Kneeland, "quite in the line of high finance, too, and he thinks it will turn out well."

"He had a partner who is a clerk in the telegraph office in fact, the very swing man who has paid you the remittances from your nephew. Bailey is familiar with the machinery of receiving money by telegraph, and it happened to strike him that the green slip which you have to sign and indorse looked just like one of Jacob Hartzell's checks. I happened to think of that while I was sitting here looking at Hartzell's check and hearing about money by telegraph. So I went straight down to the office, found out which of the clerks Bailey was chumming with and frightened the fellow till his complexion resembled the pale sea green paper that has been mentioned. One of my men is with him now, and he gave up a good bit of the money."

"Bailey took Hartzell's check out of the envelope Tuesday morning, a big envelope that will carry the check without folding. He gave the check to the telegraph clerk, and you, Mr. Farnsworth, indorsed it when you thought you were putting your name on the back of that telegraph blank. Bailey stole your checks out of the book. The clerk filled them in and

"AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM AN HONEST MAN."

cashed them. He also deposited Hartzell's $4,700 to your order. Now, what shall we do with the men?"

"No arrests, no arrests!" said Farnsworth. And then, "Bailey, how could you do this thing to me?"

Bailey hung his head.

"I'll answer that question," said Miss Clarendon. "For ten years you have trained this young man in dishonesty. You have done to him what the big tricksters of finance have done to you and to ten thousand other men like you till the whole country is poisoned with it. You have made this boy a thief. You tried to make your nephew another, and you couldn't. I have seen this going on, and my soul has sickened at it. Now I am done with it."

"Hold on!" cried Farnsworth. "Where are you going?"

"I have an offer of marriage from an honest man," said she. "Singularly enough, his name is Farnsworth. He earns $18 a week, and I can do a little better than that, so I think we shall get along nicely. I am going to Pittsfield."

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MEN'S COSTUMES.

The Change That Came When Powder and Snuff Went Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800 as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashion.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuffbox vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide awake, the soft felt hat.—English Illustrated Magazine.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

And the Man Who Likes to Test It on the Circus Animals.

The man who wants to test the power of the human eye on savage beasts is legion, and he affords no end of amusement for the attendants at the circus, who are always on the lookout for him. Often he may be detected standing before the cage of a lion, gazing intently straight into the eyes of the dignified old beast, who gazes back with indifference and finally shifts his eyes, not because he feels any hypnotic influence, but because something else has attracted his attention.

A story is told of a man who tried the hypnotic trick on an ostrich. At first the bird crouched down and fluttered his wings nervously, but made no other manifestation for some time. A few hours later the body of the man was found, with the huge bird alternately stamping and sitting on it. Another is told of a man who tried to outgaze a leopard, with the result that the animal made a fierce charge against the bars of his cage and at the man, and the two created a disturbance that brought the attendants hurrying to investigate the trouble.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.

"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You in a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:

"'Married?'

"'No,' says you.

"'Herans then,' says she, and out you go, thirsty."

"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.

"You apply for a job somewhere. 'How many children have you?' is the first question you're asked. And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."—New York Press.

The Ita Palm.

In the moonlit garden overlooking the sea no sound was to be heard save the petulant plaint of the mosquitoes, angry at being disturbed at their food.

"Come," said the host, "let us go and sit under the ita palm. They won't bother us there."

In comfort under the ita he went on: "This tree is from the Orinoco delta, the home of the Warau tribe. The Orinoco delta is infested with mosquitoes to an incredible degree. The Waraus, to escape them, live in a palm whose odor the mosquito can't put up with.

"This is the palm—the ita—which makes the naked Warau's mosquito proof bed. A handy thing it is among these salt marshes to have in a garden too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Costly Eyeteeth.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly $800 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

Inconsistent.

"Dear me," said the poetess, "I don't see why those horrid editors insist on having manuscripts written on only one side of the sheet when they go and print their paper on both sides."—Pathfinder.

There is one preparation known today that will promptly help the stomach. This is Kodol. Kodol digests all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly, so that the use of Kodol for a time will without doubt help anyone who has stomach disorders or stomach trouble. Take Kodol to-day and continue it for the short time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Kodol is sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place in Turkey and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and, comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"'A dragon, O my beloved,' she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight,' says she, 'never!'

"Then, by tar, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful drest blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, bangin' away at the dragon from the winder tops and turn about.

"By crimus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE TREATY TREE.

Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.

The "treaty tree," the original American Hague, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river. Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.

As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:

"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:

"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.—Kansas City Star.

The Overtired Conductor.

When the horse cars were in existence there was a greenhorn known as John who conducted on the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street lines. He boarded with his two aunts, who lived on Catharine street, between Thirteenth and Broad. One day his aunts thought they would take a ride with John and see how he was getting along, so they waited for his car. Soon the car began to get crowded and passengers got off and on at every square. John began to get angry. At last he became so exasperated at having to stop so often that when an old lady asked him to stop at Chestnut he bawled out: "I'm darned sick and tired pulling the bell. It's nothing but stop here and stop there, stop here and stop there. Away with youse all down to Catharine street with me aunts, and you get out in a bunch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two of a Kind.

"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"

"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.

"Then you own a home?"

"N-no."

"That's strange. May I ask your business?"

"I'm a real estate dealer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the forsaken maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."—Philadelphia Press.

To the Strict Letter.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."

"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"

The colors on the artist's palette make no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Goethe.

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A Crossed Trail

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Pink Luscom rode out of the corral with slack rein and drooping head. Care sat upon his broad shoulders and dulled the genial light in his gray eyes. Cummings, seated on the doorstep of the bunk house, hooted derisively at his mate.

"You look like you was goin' a-courtin', Pink," he grinned.

Luscom turned a scowling brow as he slapped the rawboned sorrel with a bronzed hand.

"Drop it!" he growled crustily.

The sorrel struck a long, swinging gait, and presently horse and rider disappeared beyond a rise of ground, only to reappear in gradually diminishing perspective until suddenly they vanished altogether.

"What's the matter with Pink?" asked Bozzy Jones in constrained tones from within the bunk house. "He looks like trouble has got him good and plenty."

Cummings clasped his hands about his knees and rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of delight.

"He's going to see the Widder Todd," he chuckled.

Jones rushed to the door with razor in one hand and a lank cheek lathered from brow to chin. "The Widder Todd!" he jerked out. "Why, what's he goin' to see her for?"

"He don't know—she sent for him this morning," returned Cummings mirthfully. "I expect Pink overreached himself t'other night at the dance. Miss Hennie Porter, she wouldn't look at Pink all the evening. She was dandy and flirtin' with a long checked, flap eared hickory, and poor Pink he set up most particular all the evenin' with one eye on Miss Hennie and you, and I reckon that he said some serious thing to the Widder Todd absent like."

"Widder Todd wouldn't look at Pink Luscom!" snorted Jones irritably.

"Seems like she looked at him considerable t'other night and endowed it sufficient to send for him this morning," drawled Cummings.

Jones disappeared and there was the sound of vigorous and renewed scraping of his leathern cheek. Cummings chewed the stem of his pipe reflectively. Presently he craned a curious head toward the interior of the house. "See here, Romeo, if there's anything I can do to help you just you sing out. Shall I catch up a hoss for you?"

"Shut up!" retorted Jones in a strangled tone.

"Them there white winged collars is bad for the voice, Bozzy. You sound like you was chokin'. I reckon you'll wear that baby blue crisscross neck-tie you bought at Widder Todd's store. I hear that baby blue is Miss Hennie's fav'rite color?"

There was no response from within, and presently Jones, attired as gorgeously as Pink Luscom had been a half hour ago, strode haughtily past the man on the doorstep and into the corral, where he proceeded to catch a mount. In a trice he came tearing through the gate on a fiery little black mare, his long legs dangling in close proximity to the burned grass.

He, too, shot a resentful scowl toward the jeering man on the doorstep, and then he disappeared over the rise of ground, his dark figure silhouetted against the copper glory of the evening sky.

"There's Widder Todd a-setting great store by Bozzy and as mad as a wet hen at him. So she's makin' up to Pink, who's dippy about Miss Hennie. Miss Hennie she's mad at Pink, and so she flirts desperate with Bozzy, who's made at the widder. And they're all mad and jealous of one another, and if somebody don't shake 'em up there's bound to be some more pre-mated marriages in Seven Forks, Lordy!" Cummings filled his pipe and lounged over to the cook house and jollied a social group about the fire.

Bozzy Jones did not look at the copper glory of the sunset. With moody eyes fixed on the well worn trail, he noted reluctantly the diminishing miles that lay between him and the crossroads. Here, instead of pursuing his customary course toward the town and the domicile of the fascinating widow, he must turn to the right and take the cross trail to Porter's where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after all, when he did come.

There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him. Now, the widow Jones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of loose gravel and dying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last.

"'Pears like you'd lost the trail!" he sneered, bending his beast up the cross trail.

Pink winced. A dark red settled down over his bronzed face.

"I reckon I can find it without any help from you," he drawled.

"I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!" cried Jones tauntingly.

"Maybe I don't want to. The trail to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take it!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon we might as well have it out now," he said calmly.

"I'd be plum glad to oblige you!" Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse about.

"I'd like to shake first, Bozzy," said Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's come to this, but when two fellers cross each other's trail, why"— He pulled and lodged just its rival to ward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Bozzy, you don't care about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right, but she and me don't set no great store by each other. She says some, and the widder says so, so there ain't nothin' for a feller to do."

Luscom was lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Bozzy Jones," he said soberly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Bozzy, while Miss Hennie and me, sorry as it is to say it, we don't get on. If you'll just move aside I'll jake along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

* * * * * * *

When he heard the news Pack Cummings waved a deprecating hand.

"What else could you expect from fellers what wore white wing collars and crisscross baby blue neckties?" he asked.

"I SAY, BOZZY, YOU AIN'T SORE ABOUT THE WIDDER?"

All He Lacked.

A pitcher belonging to a professional baseball club, who thought he was not getting his share of the limelight or publicity, went one day to the captain and manager to make his "kick." Being of a somewhat choleric disposition, which had got him into trouble more than once, he spoke with feeling.

"Cap," he said, "you're not giving me a square deal, and you know it."

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"You know what's the matter, cap. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

Two Ugly Snakes.

These two snakes, the hamadryad and the cobra, cause the great annual death roll of India from snake bite, about 22,000 people last year. One reason for this great death roll is that Hindoos and Buddhists will not kill the snakes, as it is against their religion to take life. The cobra will go away from you usually, except in the nesting season, and then he will attack you on sight if you disturb him or his mate. It is at this time that so many deaths take place among the Malays and Singalese, as it is coincident with the rice planting season, and the peasants are busily at work in the rice fields. The cobra will, also under water, and many people are bitten on the foot or heel while planting rice. Death usually takes place in an hour or less. I have known a large buffalo to be bitten and die in fifteen minutes. It must have been bitten directly in a vein.

In the Malay peninsula and in Siam no one ever walks abroad after dark without a light or torch, as it proves almost suicidal to do so.—Medical Journal.

Up to Date.

"How'd you get here, old man?"

"In my airship."

"Road good?"

"Cloudy." Puck.

MAN'S HEADGEAR.

From the Primitive Cap to the Glossy High Hat of Today.

Earliest of all forms of headgear was the cap. The hat did not really come into common use till the seventeenth century. In the time of Charles I. the queer high sugar loaf shaped hat came into fashion. It was wound with a rich band and trimmed with a feather. Constant balancing of the head was necessary to keep it on. The hat was taken up by the Puritans, who satisfied their bitter consciences by discarding the frivolous band and the wicked feather.

Charles II. brought the French periwig into England, and the tall hat went out to make way for a low, broad brimmed thing, gorgeous with feathers and gimcracks. These broad brims became broader and broader. At last it became necessary to turn them up. First this was done at the back, finally according to the wearer's idea.

Out of this extravagant style of headgear grew the cocked hat. The footmen and the liveried coachmen of many European nations still wear this style of headgear. During Queen Anne's time the cocked hat was the hat of the gentleman. The correct fashion was to carry it under the arm as much as possible.

The French revolution, which took off so many heads that had worn the cocked hats, took off the cocked hat too. In its place the crescent shape became the style, partly by force. The direct ancestor of that dreadful thing, the high hat of today, was the noble and sturdy beaver. Beavers went out of fashion largely because the supply of material became exhausted.—London Answers.

NATURAL SOAP.

The Queer Fruit of a Tree That Grows in Algeria.

Soap grows on trees in Algeria. The soap tree is ornamental and reaches a height of fifty feet. It begins to bear fruit when six years old. The wood is valuable mainly for furniture. The average income from a tree is $10 to $20 a year. The composition of the fruit consists of a nut shaped ball in which is a seed. In the shell exists the soapy matter in the proportion of 30 to 40 per cent of the bulk of the nut. The soap principle is set free by the shredding of the nut and using it with water just as if it were a piece of soap. A beautiful lather is the result, and the cleansing qualities are such that there is no soap made by human process that can compare with them. For toilet purposes the same applies. The nut can be made into a powder and the powder into a cake, so as to make the use of it easier. It can also be made into a liquid for lace wash, dentifrice and various other preparations. Seeds of the Algerian soap tree have been imported to the United States, and soap trees have been discovered in Florida indigenous to the soil. The seed has a kernel which contains a fixed oil in every respect preferable to the best imported olive oil, either for eating or culinary purposes, and also for all kinds of industrial products in which the olive oil is used. The yield in oil is twice that of the olive fruit.—Dutch more American.

A Chinese Superstition.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out into the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

A Fox's Stratagem.

A fox is bound to be a thief whenever he has half a chance to steal, says London Answers. He can no more help taking a goose than a badly trained cat can help taking a chop from the larder. There was a tame fox that was chained in a yard to keep him out of mischief, but he soon hit upon a plan for seizing a stray duck or fowl. At the very furthest point to which his chain would reach he used to place a portion of his food and then hide himself in his kennel. In due course a silly chicken was sure to spy the bait and begin pecking at it. Before it had had time to enjoy its meal, however, the fox would pounce upon it and the stock of poultry be reduced by one.

When Not to Smoke.

It is quite certain that much may be done to diminish the risk of tobacco amblyopia by paying attention to certain points of personal hygiene. For instance, a rule should be made never to smoke upon an empty stomach, but as far as possible only after meals. It is absolutely bad to smoke before dinner and equally bad to smoke late at night to keep awake at one's work. It should also be forbidden to chew the cigar between the teeth, as many smokers are wont to do.—Hospital.

Qualified.

Head Astronomer. I want a man to figure eclipses, calculate the distances between various stars, fix the orbits of certain comets and, in fact, be a sort of handy to the nautical man around the heavens. What are your qualifications? Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir, I was the official score keeper for a woman's bridge club.—Life.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

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The Obstinacy Of *the* Princess.

By Trey Allison.

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The princess stamped her foot as energetically as any ordinary person would have done. "There's no earthly use being born a princess," she said, "I want my own way occasionally, and I never get it."

The minister raised both eyebrows. "But, your highness, I was sent to reason with you."

"There's no reason in it," she flashed back. "There's anything but reason in my being trotted out like a horse to be inspected by this conceited person merely because he's decided to marry!" "To think of the son of so powerful a throne being called a person!" The minister's eyes shone through his glasses. Blankly disgusted.

The princess shrugged her shoulders in a noncommittal way, then she seized the minister by both lapels and continued her argument. "O minister who is not pleniputentiary, if you feel too badly about not being able to reason with me remember even Napoleon failed once, and maybe you two will go down into history together. As for reason"— The princess snapped her slender fingers disrespectfully close to the minister's nose and left the room and the man.

The sudden indisposition of the princess was an unexpected detail in the preparations for receiving the royal visitor who arrived the next day.

She awoke when the first sunrise crept over the sky, yawning from the weariness of having spent twenty-four hours trying to be still. The gilt clock showed that there were at least two hours before the palace would awake. She crept out of bed and dressed stealthily, threw a light wrap over her shoulders and went through the door that led from her apartments to the garden. She went swiftly toward the summer house that was her favorite retreat. She stopped on the threshold and stared at the young man contentedly smoking a cigar on her own bench.

He hurriedly threw away the cigar and bowed low before her. "Good morning," he said, and the princess noticed the charm of his voice. "I scarcely expected any one else to be awake so early in the day. I hope I'm not trespassing."

The princess was startled, but determined at the expense of veracity to keep the household from learning that the condition of her throat was not so serious as the physician had vouched for.

"I didn't—er—expect to find any one here myself," hedging for time to create ideas. "The fact is I have been awake almost all night attending the—er—princess, and when she at last slept I slipped into the rose garden to be refreshed by the early morning air."

She looked charmingly confused, and the man, evidently a most polite young fellow, declared his intention to leave her in undisputed possession of the rose garden. But the princess was fond enough of an adventure to sweep away a few conventionalities in order to experience the unusual.

"No, no; by all means remain seated, sir," she said, seating herself on a neighboring bench. "I am not so selfish nor, indeed, so insociable, I judge, sir, that you are connected with our royal visitor's retinue?"

The man hesitated, then smiled genially.

"Yes, you are right. I generally—always, in fact—accompany the prince in his travels."

"Then tell me about him," she broke in eagerly. "I shall not be able to get a glimpse of him while he is here, and I must own to a certain amount of curiosity concerning him."

"Upon one condition"—he leaned toward her, evidently struck with an idea—"that you tell me about the Princess Constancia."

"A bargain!" she cried, and her eyes smiled again. "You take first turn. You are a visitor, you know."

He puckered his forehead in a thoughtful frown. "He's rather a good natured chap," he said at last doubtfully.

"Pooh! Of course he is—always has his own way, and is never crossed in it, I haven't a doubt," she scoffed.

"There's where you are wrong," he said energetically. "The king has as strong a will as—er—as the prince has, and they are eternally clashing."

She traded her first bit of information with every indication of pride in it.

"Strong will! The combined powers of both your king and your prince couldn't equal that of our princess. And temper! You never saw any one with such a fiendish temper," she whispered confidentially.

"So bad as that?" feebly. "I—we heard that she was quite charming."

"Oh, I don't deny that she is rather nice to look at, but she—she has boxed my ears several times," hesitating to take a delight in her creative imagination.

He leaned forward and grasped the arms of the bench, rouse with indignation.

"And you have to submit to it! You poor little thing!" his eyes full of consternation and admiration.

The princess put on the first meekly subjective air mortal man had ever seen her wear.

"What could I do?" plaintively. "There are times when she is really nice to me."

"There's one thing certain," he broke in vehemently, "such a vixen would not make a desirable wife for the prince."

"I don't know that he's too good for her," she said defensively. "I don't care much for the prince. He's too conceited."

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I never heard— How on earth could you get such an idea into your head?" he demanded.

"Doesn't he go from one country to another expecting all girls of suitable age and birth to be trotted out for his inspection, just like selecting a necktie?" indignantly. "If I were a princess I would positively enjoy having him ask me to marry him!"

He could not take his gaze from the flushed, piquant face.

"If I were a prince I should be broken hearted if you treated my proposal with such scorn," he said fervently.

The princess rose hurriedly.

"I think I must see if the princess needs me."

"Won't you tell me your name," he asked, standing with his head uncovered, "and that I am to have the pleasure of seeing you later in the day?"

"I am afraid—I must not," she faltered; "and please, please do not mention that you have met any one here. I want to be free to come here again," she added innocently.

His face suddenly lost its doleful look.

"Would I be much in the way if I happened to be smoking my cigar here when you come?" he suggested boyishly.

"Not in the least—if you can get away from the prince," she said as she started down the path.

On the last day of the prince's visit she came into the rose garden a little earlier, but he was there just as she had found him for the last three mornings.

"You are leaving this afternoon, I hear," she said in greeting.

"And I am to leave without knowing your name?" he asked gloomily.

The princess' eyes were wistful.

"It's best to let it remain simply—an episode," she answered, with a reflection of his despondency.

"But I must know—I will know!" He seized both her hands and held them firmly.

"I can't tell you—now," she gasped. "Maybe the prince is to be at the regatta next month, perhaps I'll be free to see you then. I know our princess is going."

The cloudiness lifted from his face. "I'll see you—I'll find you—I'll defy all the powers that be for you!" And he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her.

For a moment the princess did not utter then she gave a startled exclamation and slipped from his embrace.

Two days after the departure of the prince and his retinue she found herself well enough to go to the concert that the minister considered his especial duty. Her curiosity could no longer be restrained, and the minister having always proved wise in his words, could surely be believed to tell all he knew about the late visitors.

While talking her glance fell upon a small photograph lying on the table before her. Her eyes widened and her breath came faster.

"Who's that?" she demanded eagerly, stopping the minister in the middle of what he considered a well chosen remark.

"Don't you know?" he asked in astonishment. "I believe it is, though the first photograph taken with a full beard. It's the prince, your highness, and he graciously put his signature on it for me."

The princess took the picture in her hand, looked at it intently, then gave way to a peal of hysterical laughter which caused the old man to lean over her anxiously.

"Shall I ring for one of the maids, your highness?" he asked her perplexedly.

The princess sat up and wiped her eyes on a dainty lace handkerchief.

"No, no! Don't ring! I never felt better in my life. I have no inspiration. I don't want to have a marriage arranged for me. There is no romance in such procedure. If you will only leave me free until after the regatta I promise to arrange for myself a marriage that will please every soul in the country. Give me freedom for one little month," she coaxed, standing before him and placing an eloquently persuasive hand on each shoulder.

He looked into her eyes helplessly.

"I shall never be able to understand the feminine mind," he said dolefully.

Shooting Stars.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the Dipper, are very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great, and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air without being wholly burned up and falls on the ground.—St. Nicholas.

Olive Oil and Long Life.

Many have wondered at the great age men attained in Biblical times. An age of 120 years was not at all unusual in those days for men to attain in full possession of their faculties before they were gathered unto their fathers. There is a cause for everything, and is it unreasonable to attribute this long life, in part at least, to the fact that all these men perhaps daily freely used olive oil? They lived in the land of the olive and regarded it as one of their greatest earthly blessings, for it gave them health and "length of days."—Homeopathic Envoy.

SPONGE DIVERS.

Hardly a Single Caphander of Tripoli Escapes Paralysis.

There are a great many varieties of sponges, most of which are found in the warmer parts of the ocean. The bath sponges are chiefly obtained from the eastern half of the Mediterranean, where they occur at all depths down to 200 fathoms and are obtained by diving, dredging or harpooning.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, C. W. Furlong gives an account of the work of the Greek sponge divers off the coast of Tripoli, in north Africa. Attacks by sharks and dogfish have gradually frightened away the common divers, who dive naked with a piece of flat marble and a line, and the field is left clear for the "caphanders," as the men are called who use air pump, suit and helmet.

The greatest enemy of the caphander is paralysis, hardly a single diver escaping from it in some form or other. The great cause of this disease is the sudden relief of pressure due to too rapid ascent, the dangerous symptoms appearing when the diver emerges into the fresh air.

Strange as it may seem, a partially paralyzed diver on descending into the waters recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. To battle with this scourge the Greek government has issued regulations as to the depths to which a diver shall go and has also provided a hospital ship and a sponge divers' hospital on shore.

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades Is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grained of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the direction of the grain, causing it to be first north then south, subsequent stropping up and down. Subsequent use will straighten the grain and from the will draw the grain of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it had on the day of purchase. The process affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain runs from the cutting edge toward the handle the condition even which exists in a new razor. But by the use of the razor various frauds that will take place in the same tool. If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—Strand Magazine.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a protection, that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the bounds, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominos and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

The English of It.

A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the army and navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman!" she sighed. "She was married twice."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Problem Unsolved.

A story is told of a young man in England, a great chess enthusiast, who was so annoyed at his failure to solve an apparently simple problem that he vowed he would neither sleep nor eat until the solution was found. He shut himself up in a disused room and was found four days later by his relatives terribly emaciated and out of his mind. He spent a year in a lunatic asylum, as a result of his rash vow, and the problem remains unsolved.

No Enjoyment.

"This village enjoys the reputation of being the birthplace of two members of the legislature and one congressman, does it not?" politely inquired the solicitor within its gates.

"Nope," replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was a pessimist. "It just has 'em, that's all."—Puck.

Adding to His Offensiveness.

The man who told us so is always doubly offensive if he comes around after the arrival of our troubles and tries to look as if he had forgotten all about it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The English of It.

When a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

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A LITTLE ONE SIDED.

An Exchange of Presents That Was Not Wholly Satisfactory.

John Mitchell, the labor leader, was discussing on one occasion a labor struggle of the past.

"You see, they didn't give us a fair deal," he said. "It looked fair on its face, but really it was like the deal of Harvey Barr of Brushwood.

"Harvey Barr, a successful lawyer, had a wonderful talent for getting the best of people. Even at home he kept this talent in play. His wife said to him one morning:

"'Harvey, dear, this is the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. What are you going to give me?'

"'This is what I am going to give you,' Harvey answered affectionately, and he handed his wife $15 in crisp, fresh bills.

"'Oh, thank you! And what shall I give you?' the gratified wife asked.

"'That meerschaum pipe I've been admiring so long,' Harvey promptly announced.

"In the evening on his return home the pipe awaited him. It had cost just $15. He lit up and began to color it carefully. But as the evening wore on his wife seemed ill at ease.

"'Where is my present, Harvey?' she said at last irritably.

"'Why, my dear,' Harvey explained, 'you gave me a pipe. I gave you $15. Don't you see? We're just even.'"—St. Louis Republic.

TOLD BY THE THUMB.

One Way, So They Say, of Reading a Person's Character.

The closer the thumb is set to the wrist, the greater the amount of amiable qualities a person possesses. And, conversely, the higher on the hand the thumb is set, the lower the order of his mental and moral makeup.

Monkeys' thumbs start from the hand at a point close to the fingers. The closer to this formation a human being comes the more monkey-like intelligence and character he is apt to have.

A thumb set very close to the wrist shows sympathy for all in distress, great generosity, independence, love of liberty for self and others and a readiness to share with the unfortunate.

When the second phalanx of the thumb is much longer than the nail phalanx, there is a discordant relation between reason and will.

Reason preponderates to such an extent that the entire life is spent in planning what to do without ever doing.

A person of this kind sees clearly what is best for him, but lacks determination to put it into execution.

He sees the goal and the steps necessary for attaining it, but in the same glance he takes in all the obstacles, and while he is pondering the matter the opportunity in with success escapes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Seeking the Light.

At a dinner during an Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who after dinner sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B.'s. She asked if butter flew because tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Hayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeleland in 1896 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire:

Chamberlain, London:

Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

English Army Horses.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to himself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near—hind foot and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called his "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.—London Army Journal.

Something Comic.

Brownbigge (to waitress who has handed him a newspaper)—Ain't yer got nothing comic? I likes to have something funny to look at while I'm a-heating. Waitress—There's a looking glass straight in front of you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir. Some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor molding next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual Reluctance.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."

"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—Pascal.

Uncomplimentary.

Howell—I'm a man of parts. Powell—Most of them seem to be missing.—Exchange.

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books.—Colton.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woolcot's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split. The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

Spilled Mercury.

Mercury spilled on a table or floor is somewhat hard to collect unless special precautions are taken, owing to its tendency to divide into small globules, which roll away at the slightest touch. If a wet ring is made around the spilled mercury by the aid of a wash bottle or other similar means, it will be found that the globules of mercury cannot cross the ring. The mercury can then be collected in a small shovel made from a piece of thin card or even an ordinary envelope.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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No more hooks in the ceilings; no more chains to break; no more paper to get black from smoke.

Have a look. 2-light, 75c each; 3-light $1.00.

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